THE UNRIVALLED BRITISH CAR

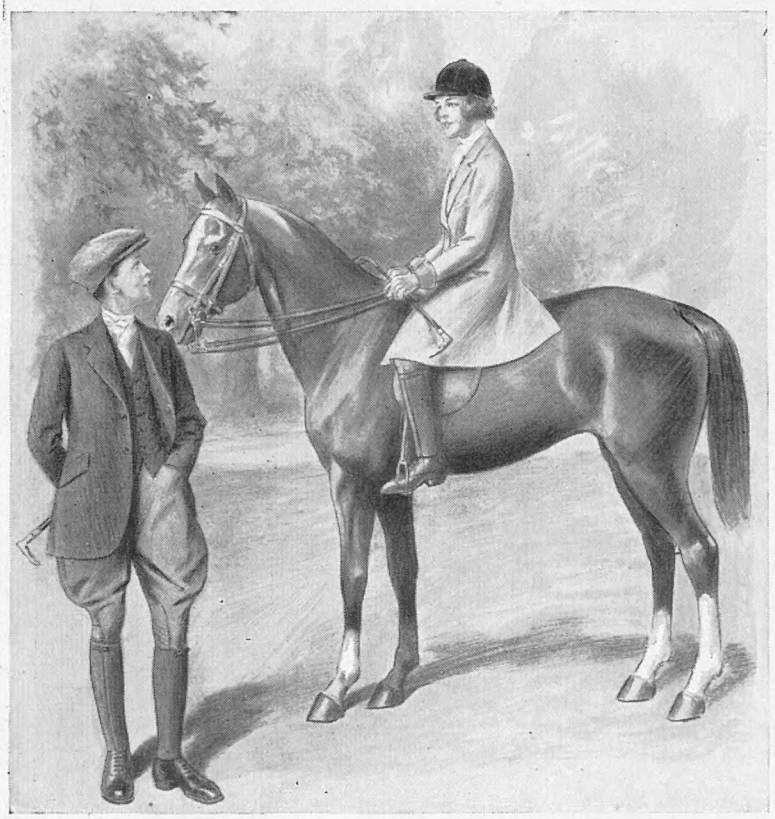
The proud position of British Cars as the finest in the world is unchallenged. For quality of workmanship and material, for economical running and maintenance, for dependability, for length of service, for suitability to British conditions, British Cars are above competition. Moreover, when you buy a British Car you are creating work that will give employment to a number of skilled workmen. That is something to be proud of.

Own a *British* Car

A British Car is a car made entirely in the British Isles of British materials and fitted with British-made tyres and accessories.

British Cars for British Folk

EXHIBITION of SPRING STYLES for BOYS & GIRLS



GOOCHS announce the opening of their Exhibition of New Spring and Summer Styles for Boys and Girls, including

—RIDING KIT
—SPORTS WEAR
—HOLIDAY WEAR
—HATS & CAPS
—FOOTWEAR
—GLOVES
—SCHOOL OUTFITS for Public & Preparatory Schools
—UNDERWEAR
—HOSIERY
—TRUNKS & BAGS

RIDING KIT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. Boys' Jackets and Vests can be made in many suitable materials, and there is also a wide selection of Riding Tweeds for the Breeches. Specially selected coatings, including West of England covert coatings, are used for Girls' Kits, and strong Riding Tweeds are also available for the Breeches. Patterns and Estimates will gladly be sent on request. Kindly state whether for Boy or Girl, also age. Boys' Fawn Tweed and Cord Breeches are ready to wear, to fit 8 to 18 years.

Cord first size **33/6** Riding Tweed **50/-**
Rising 1/- each size

CATALOGUES (& PATTERNS) POST FREE
(Now printing—Ready shortly)

A SPECIAL FEATURE AT GOOCHS is the supply of Tailoring-to-Measure (as well as Ready-for-Wear garments) for Boys & Girls—with ample turnings and inlays allowing for enlargement as the wearer grows—Economy and Good Style in unusual alliance.

GOOCHS LTD. BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

*One **minute** Knightsbridge Tube & 'Buses*

STOCKINGS
THAT CAN BE RELIED UPON WITH EVERY CONFIDENCE.

K 146.—Broad Ribbed Mercerised Lisle for hard wear, full fashioned, in Nude, Beige, Putty, Stone Beige, Fawn, Beaver, Mushroom, and Grey.
4/11 per pair.

K 166.—Remarkable value at pre-duty price, English made, ribbed spun Silk, in the following plain colours: Nude, Fawn, Sand, Beaver, Putty, Mushroom, Grey and Black, also in marl mixtures of Nude, Beige, Fawn, and Coating.
10/9 per pair.

K 167.—Fine weight Silk and Wool, full fashioned throughout. In Nude, Putty, Beige, Sand, Coating, Mushroom, Beaver, Light Grey, and Medium Grey.
6/11 per pair.
A finer quality with Silk clocks, 10/9 per pair.
Also extra fine with Silk clocks, 12/9 per pair.

K 74.—British manufacture, heavy Silk with embroidered clocks, in Fawn, Putty, Nude, Sand, Mauresque, Sunburn, Tan, and Brown marl mixtures. Also in Black/White, and White/Black.
23/6 per pair.

K 142.—Remarkable Value. Ribbed Silk and Wool, in Brown/White, Cinnamon/White, Mauresque/White, Beige/White, Grey/White, Brown/Fawn, and Putty/White.
7/11 per pair.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

FOSTER CLARK'S

Pour it over (hot or cold)

Stewed Prunes, Cooked Apples, Pineapple Chunks, Bananas (cut up), Sponge Cakes, Dried Fruits (all kinds), Puddings (Steamed or Boiled), Apple Tarts and Puddings

It's the Creamiest Custard

Family Tins 11½d., Family Packets 9½d., Small Packets 4d., 1½d., 1d

CREAM CUSTARD

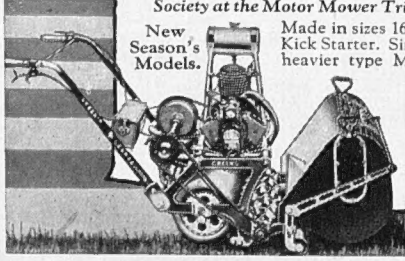
GREEN'S IMPROVED LIGHT MOTOR MOWERS

BY APPOINTMENT

Many noted public school grounds and professional pitches owe their first-class playing condition to GREEN'S world-famous Mowers.

GREEN'S secured the Highest Award of the Royal Horticultural Society at the Motor Mower Trials, Regent's Park, London, 1925.

New Season's Models.



Made in sizes 16", 20", 24", 30". Fitted with Safety Kick Starter. Simple—Reliable—Economical. Also heavier type Motor Mowers up to 42"—Triple and Quintuple Machines, etc.
Send for Free Illustrated List No. 54

THOS. GREEN & SON, Ltd., Smithfield Ironworks, LEEDS, and New Surrey Works, Southwark St., London, S.E.1
Est. 1835.

JELKS' HIGH-GRADE SECOND-HAND FURNITURE

Half the Cost and Double the Wear of Cheap New Goods.

FOR CASH OR ON EASY TERMS

Homes of Comfort and Stability.

Jelks' Huge Emporium, stocked full with thousands of specimens of finest Second-Hand Furniture, is a revelation to those who have never paid a visit to inspect this wonderful display. Everyone revels in beautiful furniture for the home, and it is in endless variety at W. Jelks & Sons' great establishment.

£100,000 WORTH OF STOCK
500,000 Sq. Ft. of FLOOR SPACE

Good Second-Hand Furniture, such as Jelks supply, makes the greatest possible appeal to lovers of home comfort. See to it you get England's best furniture value by letting Jelks furnish your new home, or supply you with that much-needed additional piece.

COME AND TAKE TEA WITH US! in the Oak Room. Free Teas served to customers from 2.30 daily.

Saturday Hours of Business, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Get JELKS' BARGAIN LIST Send for it TO-DAY.

W. JELKS AND SONS,
263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275 HOLLOWAY RD., London, N.7.

(Established over 50 years.)
Depositories: 2 to 16, Eden Grove (adjoining).

'Phones: North 2598 and 2599. Telegrams: "Jellico, 'Phone, London." Removals by Motor Pantechnicons to all parts of the country. Estimates gladly furnished.

FREE MONTHLY BARGAIN LIST

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HERE IS THE REMEDY

YOUR headache will vanish in a few minutes, if you take two Genasprin tablets, in a little water. Try it, and prove for yourself that Genasprin is the **ideal pain-reliever.**

Remember, Genasprin is guaranteed to be absolutely *pure* and consequently it relieves pain without causing any unpleasant after-effects. Therefore always use Genasprin and be on the safe side.

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE, the world-famous Novelist, writes: "*I have tried many kinds of aspirin and am convinced from my own experience that Genasprin is by far the purest and most efficacious.*"

GENASPRIN

The SAFE Brand of Aspirin

Genasprin is equally potent in banishing the pains of Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuritis, and many other painful conditions.

Of all Chemists—price 2/- per bottle of 35 tablets

GENATOSAN LTD, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW TEA FROCKS

OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

Made in our own workrooms on the premises from thoroughly reliable materials.

***Tea Frock** in a dainty combination of lace and georgette over crêpe de Chine. The georgette panels back and front give a very slimming effect. In Beige, Black, and Grey.*

PRICE

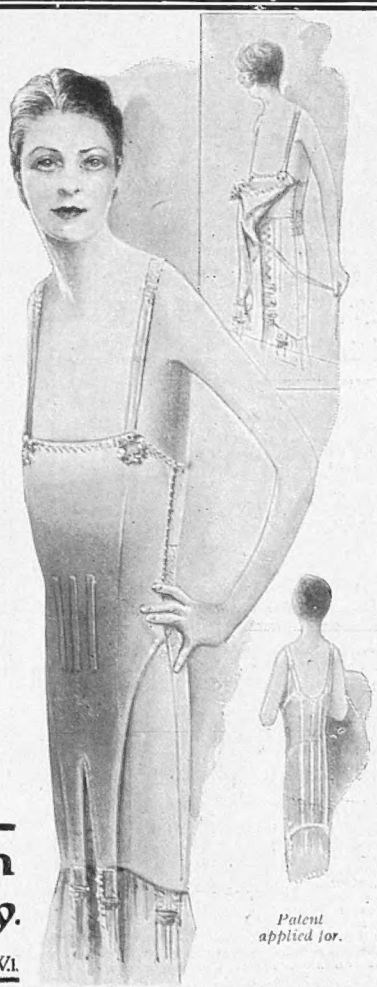
8½ GNS.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON S.W.1.

THE NEW

CORSLO "SOUPLESSE"

FOR FULL FIGURES



The famous Corslo series already provides for slim and medium and ordinary full figures, therefore the Corslo "Souplesse" has been especially designed for the full figured woman and has a most comfortable feeling and appearance of suppleness. It combines bust bodice, corset and hip belt, and has the entirely novel feature of a double front, the low cut under part being arranged with a central and adjustable lace, boned on either side to control any fulness below the waist, while beneath the lacing elastic is inserted to make every movement easier and more graceful. Over this inner support is the bust bodice which hooks under the left arm, and as suspenders are attached to both the inner and outer fronts, and also at the sides and back, the Corslo "Souplesse" forms an absolutely straight and smooth and therefore perfect foundation for the outer garments. The Corslo "Souplesse" has a closed and well boned back.

The "CORSLO SOUPLESSE" in cotton tricot, in white and pink. Measurements required when ordering: waist, bust and hips.

PRICE **4** GNS.
In silk or satin **7 Gns.**
SENT ON APPROVAL.

Patent applied for.

Debenham & Freebody. (DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street, (Cavendish Square), London, W.1.

THE "GIGOLO."

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, latest "Pull-on" Model in *Superfine* Felt with band and bow of contrasting shades. Very becoming and snug fitting, absolutely waterproof and very light in weight. In all head sizes and these newest colours — Golden Brown, Bois-de-Rose, Fuchsia, Pervenche, Blue, Navy, Grey, Copper, Mignonette Green, Sable, Claret, Rosewood, Rust Brown, Mauve, Purple, and Black.

Price 29/6

New Spring Catalogue on application post free.

N.B.—Robert Heath, Ltd., have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

ROBERT HEATH

of Knightsbridge.

By Appointment to Her late Majesty Queen Alexandra.

ONLY ADDRESS:
37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

EVAN WILLIAMS
TUNISIAN
It's safe — HENNA
Applied at and obtainable from all Hairdressers.

HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER
TRADE MARK
MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

Why go Grey?
HINDES HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 2/6 or direct:—
HINDES, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle St., City, London.

"More colds and chills are caused by neglecting to keep the vital organs of the body at an equable temperature than most people imagine."

Patterns for your Pyjamas

"KINGSWAY" Pyjamas are comfortable and warm because they are made of a remarkably soft material which, while very light in weight, contains a very high percentage of pure wool. "Kingsway" Pyjamas are guaranteed non-shrinking and wear longer than silk, flannel or cotton. Their smartness is shown by the above examples from the "Kingsway" range, all in fast and attractive colours. It pays to buy "Kingsway" Pyjamas. There is a dealer in your district.

Made by John Fulton & Co., Ltd., Belfast.

Ask for
KINGSWAY
WARM— AND SMART PYJAMAS
22/6 *In a large range of patterns*

How are the flowers put in?

CASH'S have caught and perpetuated the flowers of Spring in their Embroidered Wash Ribbons These lovely ribbons, with their dainty sprinkling of flowers, will wash and wash and last and last, and none of the colours will ever fade.

No re-threading of ribbons—no new shoulder-straps to put on. You can have them washed in the garment—and they will always come up as fresh and dainty as new.

Cash's Wash Ribbons—plain, brocaded, and embroidered—are obtainable from all drapers.

Send for patterns to
J. & J. CASH, LTD. (Dept. P.9), COVENTRY

BUY BRITISH RIBBONS

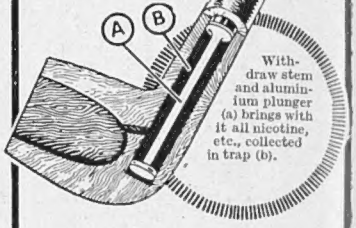
CASH'S
EMBROIDERED WASH RIBBONS

A Polite Pipe!

No one objects to the man who smokes an UNDERBOAR PIPE. It's always sweet and clean—always dry—always right. The UNDERBOAR PIPE, as seen from the diagram below, has a special chamber whereby moisture and nicotine are trapped and easily removed. No impurities enter the mouth.

The UNDERBOAR
The Pipe that Cleans Itself

Sold by Atomo Cigar Stores, Newgate Street, Albert Baker & Co. branches, John Cotton, Ltd., Albemarle Street, Henry & Co., J. Leon & Co., all branches.



Withdraw stem and aluminium plunger (a) brings with it all nicotine, etc., collected in trap (b).

PRICE
10/6 *MADE BY*
F. CHARATAN & SON, Ltd.,
146, MINORIES, E.1.

Makers also of the famous briar UNDERBOAR CIGARETTE TUBE, price 4/6.

WIRELESS—FREE ADVICE
Before buying a £10 or a £50 Set
OBTAIN EXPERT OPINION
All intending purchasers write
E. REDPATH, *Room 153c*, Windsor House, Victoria St., London, S.W.1.

The GRAPHIC

The issue of "The Graphic" for March 6 contains, among other features:—

The Dinosaur Hunters of Canada.
Exclusive pictures of remarkable finds in the Rockies.

—

Sidelights At St. Stephen's.
An interesting causerie of old Parliamentary customs in the light of present day proceedings.

—

Riviera Sketches in Colour
by
DONALD MAXWELL.

—

A Forecast of Paris Spring Fashions.

On Sale March 6. Price 1/-

The reliability of PLAYER'S is the result of nearly fifty years of vigilant care and constant supervision in the selection and manufacture of the tobacco used.

MEDIUM
with or without Cork Tips
10 for 6d.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.
REGD No 154011

"WHITE LABEL"
10 for 5½d.

P.1272

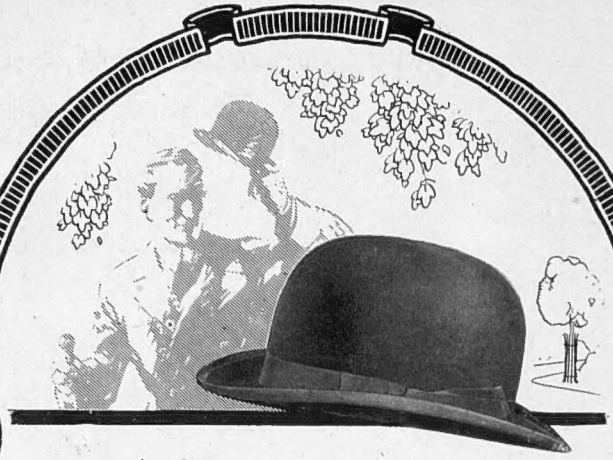
D. H. Evans & Co Ltd

NEW PARIS STYLE IN FUR FELT

No. 6 M.B.— **BECOMING HAT OF FINEST QUALITY FUR FELT.** In shades of New Blue, Lettuce Green, Light Beige, Raisin, Cinnamon, White Black Price **25/9**

Headfittings: small, medium, and large.

OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.



THERE are moments when a man becomes acutely conscious of his hat. Then it is that he appreciates to the full the quiet distinction of his Battersby.

Wear the right hat—a Battersby.

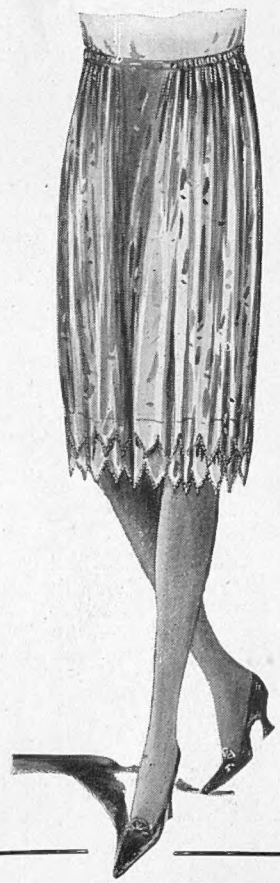
Battersby
BRITISH
HATS
FOR MEN

Sold by the best Hatters

In standard qualities, **20/-, 25/-, 30/-**

Actual Makers: BATTERSBY & CO. LTD., STOCKPORT

USEFUL
CREPE DE CHINE
PETTICOAT
KNICKER



PETTICOAT KNICKER (*as sketch*) made in heavy quality crepe de chine that will wash and wear, trimmed two rows of petal frills which are very dainty; has the appearance of short petticoat when on. Black, white and colours.

Price 29/6

Also in fancy broche crepe de chine. Price **25/9.**

Colours only, black, white, pink, grey, beige.

THEATRE TICKET BUREAU. SEATS are now obtainable for THEATRES and all ENTERTAINMENTS.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Sent on approval.

A FIRST CLASS BRITISH PRODUCT

PAN YAN PICKLE

Just to dip your spoon into the bottle gives you an appetite!

Maconochie Bros., Ltd., London.

Quality Tells

Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd
Distillers —— LEITH
Estd. 1863.

Of Immediate Interest to Men of Affairs.

The Pressure of Time.

THE modern tendency towards amalgamation and re-organisation in businesses brings home to business men the need for keeping in close touch with current business thought.

No practical business man would engage a Solicitor or Doctor who did not thus keep himself posted on current professional topics.

And the long-sighted business man spends considerable time, that might be otherwise given to leisure, in maintaining his knowledge of business development at a similarly high pitch.

He knows that a man—be he Director or Departmental Chief—can know much about his own job but not enough about the business as a whole. That is why such men find in the Modern Business Institute a means of saving their time. It not only offers them co-ordinated information regarding modern business practice, but it also guides them and offers them a definite Service.

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For two years the Institute has been helping Managing Directors, Sales Managers, Traffic Managers, Advertising Managers, Accountants, Secretaries, Proprietors and Partners. For them the Institute has solved the problem of *time*. It has saved them time in getting this co-ordinated information, and its Service has helped to tie up this information with their daily problems.

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"*Bystander*" March 3.

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KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W. 1

Authentic Display of Spring Fashions. Tuesday March 9 & Daily.

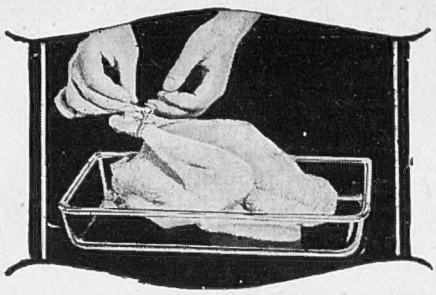
LA9.—Very filmy and becoming Coatee in Georgette and Lace. All black.
Price **4 Gns.**
Any colour can be made to order in a few days.

LA10.—Charming Coatee in Black and Gold Metal, delightful shape, an asset over any gown.
Price **6½ Gns.**
Can also be had in Black and Oxidised, or Black and Silver.

LA11. — Attractive Tunic Coatee. Can be worn with a skirt or over gown, in charming black Lace and Satin, beautifully cut.
Price **4½ Gns.**

LA8.—Practical Coatee in Soft black Fulgurante with Fichu of falling lace. Becoming to all figures.
Price **5½ Gns.**

WOOLLAND Bros., Ltd.,
The Centre of Fashion
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1



PYREX
makes cooking a DELIGHT!

Do all baking and roasting in PYREX. See everything cooking and browning through the crystal-clear glass. All food cooked in PYREX is wonderfully improved—Meats are more tender and savoury—Fruits more juicy and flavoury.

PYREX Glassware radiates all the oven heat *evenly,* to every part of the food—sides, top and bottom.

PYREX
TRANSPARENT OVEN DISHES

save labour—clean as easily as china—keep free from odours—will not rust, corrode or discolour. Made in every useful shape and size.

Obtainable at all Stores. If any difficulty in obtaining locally please write the manufacturers.

JAMES A. JOBLING & CO. LTD.,
Wear Flint Glass Works, Sunderland.

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"Pyrex House," 7, Charterhouse Street, E.C 1.

MADE IN PYREX ENGLAND

Look for this mark. It's your guarantee of BRITISH MADE PYREX.

PYREX is guaranteed against breakage in oven use for six months.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

SPECIALISTS IN CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Smart Model in Little Girl's Spring Coat, *made from brown and white checked suiting, with linen collar and cuffs in string shade, and finished at neck with brown ribbon.*

Size	18 *in.*	*Price* **£6 5 0**
,,	20 ,,	,, **6 9 6**
,,	22 ,,	,, **6 16 6**
,,	24 ,,	,, **7 2 6**

Sailor Hat *in brown pedal straw, trimmed corded ribbon.*
Price ***39/6***

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

By Appointment

The Leven.

One of the newest Caps for Sports and Travelling, in a large range of the best of materials. Can be made from Customers' own materials very quickly.

A selection gladly sent on approval on receipt of deposit or trade references.

BEST Quality only.

15/6

Scotts

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Telegrams - "Scotoma, London". 'Phone - Regent 1408

Catalogue post free.

TAILORED WAISTCOAT JUMPERS FOR WEARING WITH TAILORED SUITS

SLEEVELESS WAISTCOAT JUMPER, an entirely new design, very smart for wearing with tailored suits, made of good quality washing crêpe de Chine shirting, fastening in front with pearl button, and two useful pockets. In ivory, trimmed many attractive colours, including tan saxe and cherry; also in a two-tone effect in shades of rose, green, mauve and tan. In sizes 13 to 14½ ins.

PRICE **42/-**

In size 15 . . . Price 45/9

In fine woollen stockinette, in heliotrope, powder blue, tan, saxe, and wine. In sizes 13 to 14½ ins.

PRICE **25/9**

Sent on Approval.

Debenham & Freebody (LIMITED)

Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London W.1

BECOMING STOCKINETTE JUMPER SUIT

Woollen Stockinette Jumper Suit, as sketch, for medium figures, skirt pleated in front with plain back, jumper finished with crêpe de Chine tie slipping through slot. In grey, champagne, almond, putty, cyclamen, beaver, cinnamon, navy, black, light saxe, mauve, pink.

PRICE

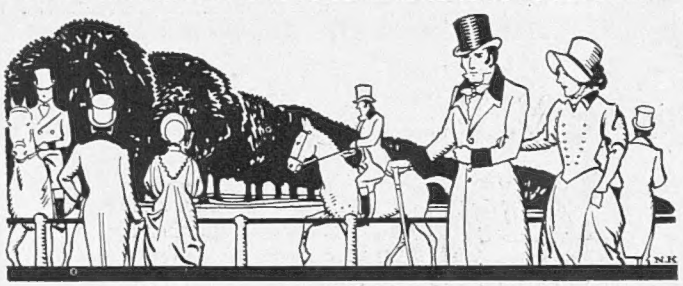
5½ Gns.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W1

Sent on approval.



SHE KNOWS

The woman who walks among the well-dressed knows, perfectly well, that she is being observed. Providing she is confident that her toilette is satisfactory she is content to be looked at. But the condition of her clothes is no less important than their cut, and to ensure their being immaculate she relies upon "Achille Serre." She relies upon their skill, their interest and the reputation they have won.

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Head Office and Works: Hackney Wick, London, E.9.

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Week Commencing March 1st.
EDNA THOMAS; HOUSTON SISTERS; CECILIA LOFTUS; FOUR HARMONY KINGS; TEDDY BROWN AND HIS CAFE DE PARIS BAND; THREE BENNOS, etc.

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2nd Year of "KATJA, The Dancer."
LILIAN DAVIES. IVY TRESMAND. GREGORY STROUD & GENE GERRARD.

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IRENE VANBRUGH. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Gerr. 606.) Evgs. 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.15.
Messrs. Lee & J. J. Shubert present
"THE STUDENT PRINCE." A Spectacular Light Opera.

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FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3
The only Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER
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DONATIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS & LEGACIES ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED
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St. Moritz.—HOTEL BELVEDERE.
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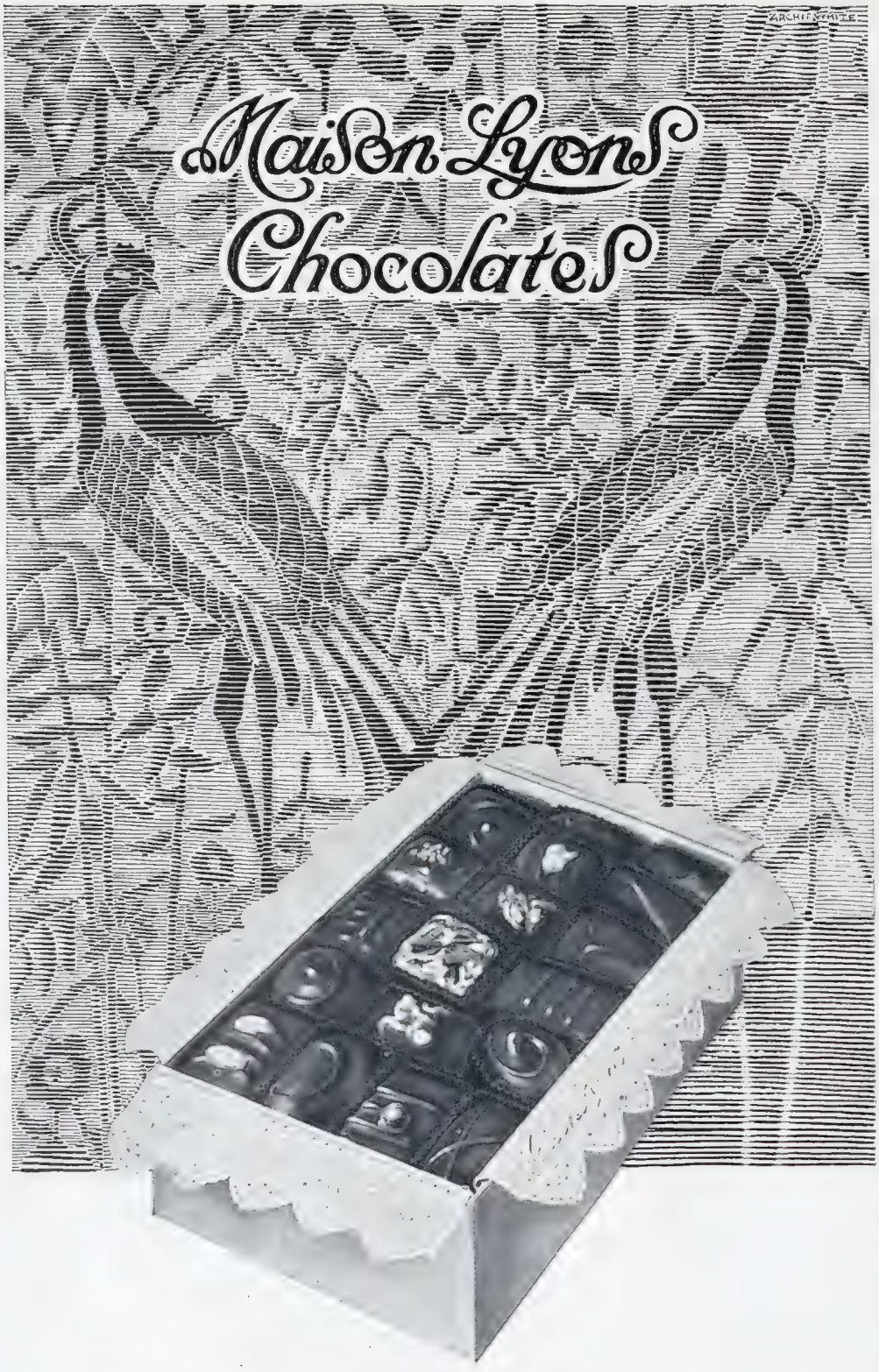

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The Bystander, March 3, 1926

No. 1161. Vol. LXXXIX

The BYSTANDER

Hay Wrightson

MISS MARJORIE BARRETT-LENNARD

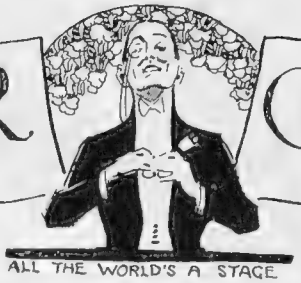
Whose engagement to Mr. C. Dalrymple Belgrave has just been announced. Her father, Sir Richard Fynes Barrett-Lennard, is the fourth baronet.

Making Her Look Alive

BY E. T. REED

LLOYD GEORGE: "Oh! You think I am doing it all do you? Well, never mind, she is going along, look you!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

I PROCEEDED TO PACK HALF-A-DOZEN PLAYS INTO HALF AS MANY DAYS —

The Poor Old Franc

HAPPENING to be in Paris at the moment when the poor old franc touched its lowest level, I decided that I could afford to see life—in a theatrical sense. In other words, I proceeded to pack half-a-dozen plays into half as many days, and I was more than repaid for my pains.

'I FOUND A BUST OF BERNARD SHAW IN THE VESTIBULE —

I HAVE USED A BRITISH TYPEWRITER FOR QUITE A LONG TIME

The Fortunes of Nigel

FIRST of all there was *Mozart,* with Sacha Guitry and Yvonne Printemps. I don't know who will bring this jolly affair to the West End, but I couldn't help thinking that Nigel Playfair might do worse than consider the possibility. Now that Sacha is, shall we say, maturing in the region of the waistline, he is getting a little weight into his humour, and his Baron Grimm is the sort of creation that prompts the query, "In his steps—what would Nigel do?" My own opinion is that the fortunes of Nigel would greatly benefit by the experiment. I just pass on the suggestion for what it is worth, and any royalties that may accrue to me, as a result, will be paid on a purely voluntary basis.

TO SAY NOTHING OF LORD LONSTALE, WHO GETS EATEN BY THE LIONS AT THE FINISH

A Bust of Bernard

PARIS is particularly rich in those little theatres that permit of theatrical experiments being made, and, at the Théâtre des Arts I found a bust of Bernard Shaw in the vestibule, and a most interesting play, *La Vieuse et le Moribund,* on the other side of the footlights. Furthermore, I went to the last performance of *Le Dompteur,* which had to come off at the height of its success because Spinelly was under contract to our own Mr. Charles Blake Cochran. This was a most amusing play, and I suppose we shall see it in London one of these days. Now that Robert Courtneidge has taught us how to speak French with his *matinées* of *The Unfair Sex,* you will not need telling that it concerns the domestic affairs of a lion-tamer—to say nothing of Lord Lonstale, who gets eaten by the lions at the finish.

INITIATED INTO THE MYSTERIES OF THE TELEPHONE AT AN EARLY AGE —

I HAVE RECEIVED RATHER A LARGE POST —

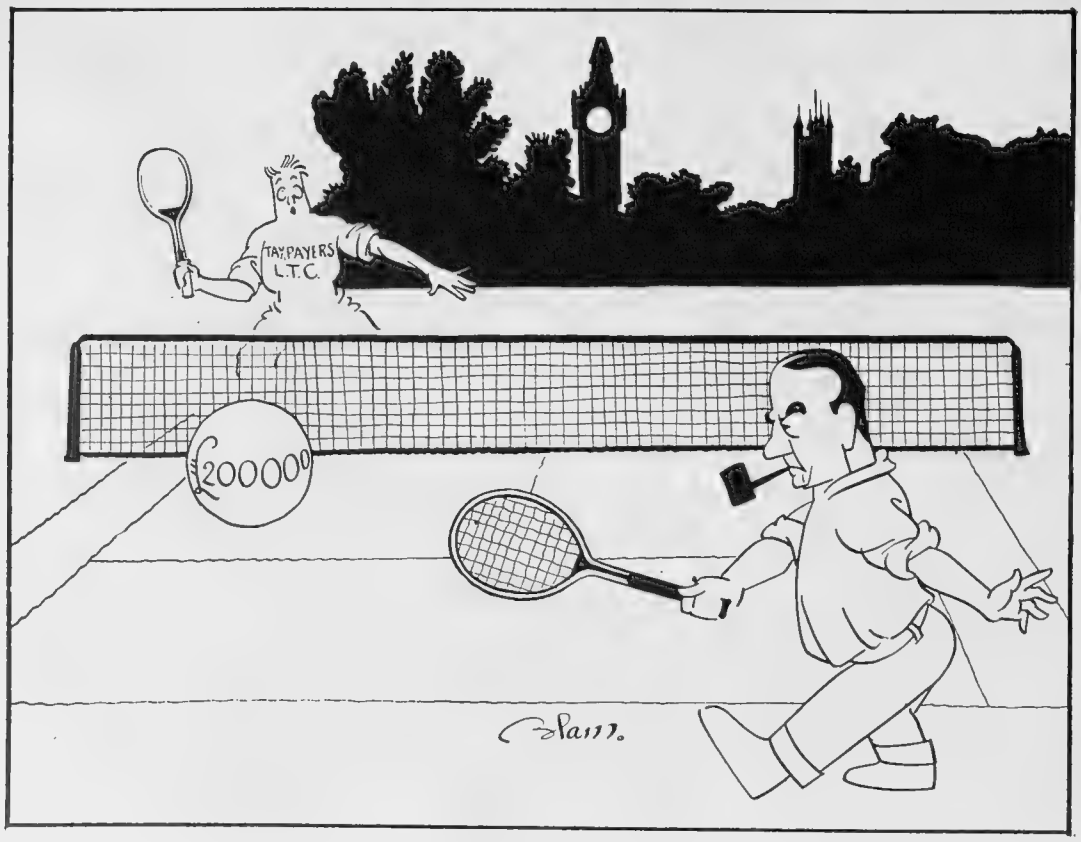
— THAT THE ZOO SHOULD BE THROWN OPEN TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC ON SUNDAYS —

Buy British

WE have been hearing a good deal about British goods during the past week or so, and it seems possible that the public conscience may have been slightly stirred in this matter. Thank goodness, I have used a British typewriter for quite a long time, and the silly suggestion that we cannot, ourselves, fulfil the requirements of the Civil Service in this respect carries no weight with me.

HE SUFFERED FROM A 'DUSTMAN'S SHIN'

HOWARD K. BLOCK '26.



BY BLAM

CIVIL "SERVICE"—FAULT!

A Large Post

I HAVE received rather a large post on this and kindred matters. A Bristol correspondent remarks that as British money is acceptable to Civil Servants for recreation purposes, British goods might also satisfy them in their working hours. Failing this, he suggests that the people who supply the typewriters might, out of their profits, give a donation to those playing fields of which we have been hearing so much. What is £200,000 in dollars?

On the Wane

ANOTHER correspondent, from Bradford this time, expresses the hope that His Majesty will "turn his attention from typewriters to tripe writers." It was some time before I was able to associate this cryptic remark with the American musical comedy invasion, and I am afraid my correspondent has rather over-stated his case. This particular American invasion has given us several capital shows, but it is already on the wane, as one or two recent first-nights have gone far to prove. West End playgoers can be relied upon to consider their own interests, and the suggestion of a third correspondent that we require "a quota system to give our native composers and librettists a chance," need not be taken too seriously.

Practical Education

WHEN I said, last week, that a reduction in fares would make the taxi as universal as the telephone, I assumed that the latter had gained a fairly firm hold in this country. But I was wrong. According to Commander Kenworthy, M.P., we are the most under-telephoned civilised country in the world, and he makes the very interesting suggestion there should be two dummy telephones in every schoolroom in order that youngsters may be initiated into their mysteries at an early age. This is an excellent suggestion, and education might be further developed along such practical lines.

Occupational Diseases

WHEN a writer in the *British Medical Journal* revealed the interesting fact that the dustman, through resting his leg against a rung of the ladder while emptying his bin into the cart, suffered from "dustman's shin," we all started to make a list of "occupational diseases." We started with housemaid's knee, writer's cramp, clerk's elbow, and cobbler's chest. Then there came a pause, until the owner of an American car suggested chauffeur's fracture, and there the matter rests for the present. Perhaps some of my readers can add to the list.

A Great Achievement

WHILE there is yet time, I must congratulate "all concerned" on the astonishing success achieved by *Henry VIII* at the Empire Theatre. No one imagined that the play could fill this great house for three months, and when it comes off at the end of this month its passing should be marked in a manner worthy of so great an achievement. The success of Norman V. Norman in the title-rôle has been one of the romances of the stage, and must have been extraordinarily gratifying to the Cassons, who insisted on his playing the part in the face of no little opposition.

The Sunday Zoo

FOR some time past I have supported those malcontents who argue that the Zoo should be thrown open to the general public on Sundays. It certainly seemed ridiculous that those honest toilers who like to look at a lion should be robbed of the privilege, and on a recent Sabbath I strolled down Crocus Alley, clutching in my hand a special pass given me by that clever painter of animals, Mr. L. R. Brightwell, F.Z.S. But for his courtesy I could not have visited the Zoo on a Sunday, and as I watched the grey squirrels leaping from bough to bough, I brooded on the short-sighted policy that turned a popular resort into a lonely wilderness on the one day when it should be most populous.

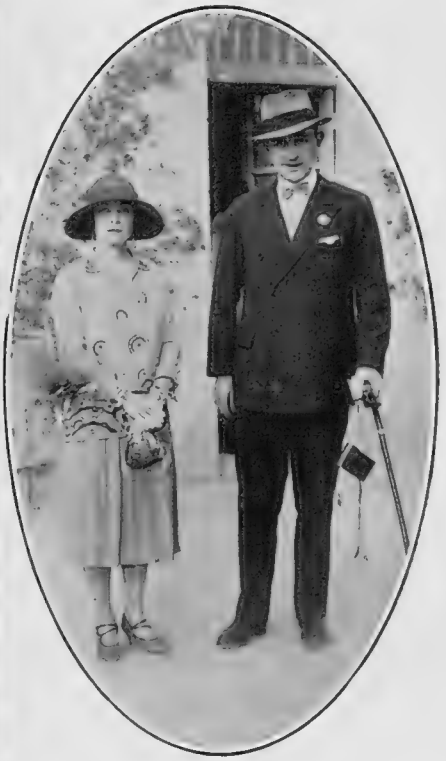
A Sound Reason

IMAGINE my surprise when I found the Gardens packed to overflowing. At three o'clock, when I strolled round to see the lions fed, I couldn't get near the centre of attraction, and Lord Oxford and his party had to be passed through a private door to avoid the crush. Joyous crowds surrounded the pool in which the sea-lions were putting up a thoroughly Bank Holiday attraction, and things were quite as bad on the Mappin Terraces and round the new monkey hill. Angry ladies were pushing and shoving to get into the tea-house out of their turn, and I realised that the general public are not allowed into the Zoo on Sunday because they are all there already. A very sound reason!

An Al Fresco Foursome from Sunny Algiers

A REST IN THE GARDEN

Major and Mrs. H. Gordon Wright and Mrs. W. Parkman Osgood enjoying an "easy" in the sunshine. The photograph was taken in the gardens of the Hotel St. George at Algiers



AT THE RACES

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Folt photographed at a race meeting which was held in Algiers

Photographs

THE MORNING DRIVE

Mlle. de Jaunez in action on the golf links. She is a step-daughter of the Count de Polignac

Central Press

ON THE LINKS

Capt. A. Clarence (left), Major Geoffery Hall, Mrs. Wilson Worsdale, Mr. John Dickinson and Mrs. Clarence, discussing the prospects of the day. The photograph was taken on the new links at Algiers

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Central Press

IN THE RING

The Prince of Wales with Sir Walter Gilbey in the Judging Ring at the Shire Horse Society's Show at the Agricultural Hall

Central News

A VISIT TO "BRUM"

The Duke of York making a tour of the works of Messrs. Kynoch on his recent visit to Birmingham. The Duke is President of the Industrial Welfare Society

Photopress

KEEN INTEREST

The Prince of Wales, who has had considerable experience in "welding" the Empire together, examining the Oxy-Dissolved Acetylene welding process, during his visit to the British Industries Fair, at Birmingham

The Court Goes Out of Mourning

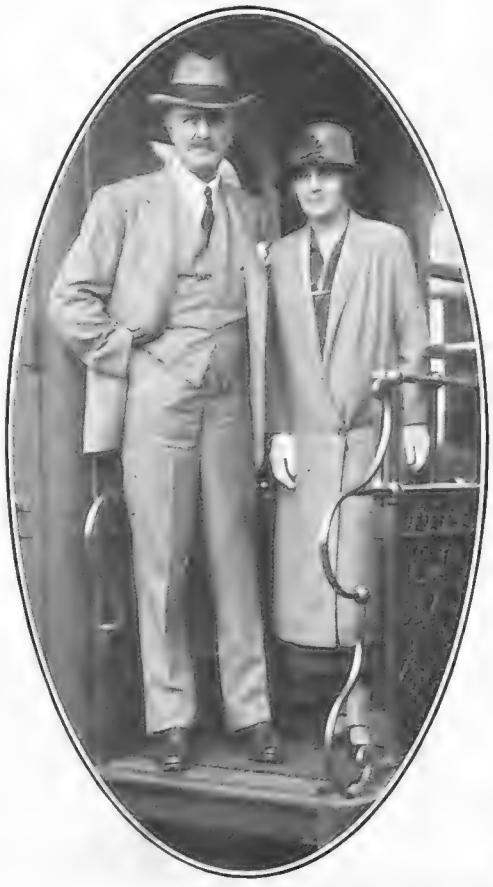
THE end of the mourning for Queen Alexandra was marked by the first Levée, which was unusually brilliant and crowded. The multiplication of foreign Embassies and Legations since the War has added greatly to the numbers of the Diplomatic Corps, the majority of whom make a point of attending the first Levée and the first Court of the season. It has likewise added to the variety of diplomatic uniforms, in spite of the fact that some of the representatives of the new "self-determined" nations follow the example of the United States. But others are as resplendent as any of the officials in *The Prisoner of Zenda*. They certainly add to the splendour and glitter of these ceremonies.

There was a full attendance of the members of the Royal Family, with the exception of the Prince of Wales, who had gone to Birmingham. Prince Arthur of Connaught had discarded military uniform for the more sober habiliments of an Elder Brother of Trinity House.

The Court going out of mourning coincides with the beginning of Lent, a season which is still observed by a good many people—perhaps I ought to put it, by many good people. They neither give nor attend dances, nor do they give big parties or dinners; and they are sufficiently numerous to make a distinct effect on what one may call the private side of entertaining during the six weeks that lie between Ash Wednesday and Easter. So, in effect, for those who take the ecclesiastical view of Lent, it is practically the same as if the Court mourning had been continued for another six weeks.

Surely a Misnomer?

I HAVE been puzzled recently by references in more than one newspaper to the "beginning of the Little Season," now that the mourning is over. But surely the Little Season is between October and Christmas, the time of cosy teas in pleasant drawing-rooms with shaded lights; of little luncheons and dinners, at which you can gather your friends of whom you only get hurried glimpses in the rush of the season?



Sport and General

IN THE ANTIPODES

Lord and Lady Allenby, who have been making an extensive tour in Australia, photographed when their train reached Sydney

The opening of Parliament always brings a lot of folks to London, and, consequently, from February to May there is always a good deal going on, engagements gradually gathering in momentum until the Season proper begins in May. But I have never heard this particular time of year referred to as the "Little Season" before. If they want a name—and everything now must be dubbed something—the Pre-Season would be far more suitable and explanatory. And if February to May is to be called the Little Season, what are we going to call that pleasant and cosy time from October to Christmas?

The Opera

WE are promised a brilliant opera season at Covent Garden, the outstanding feature of which will be the farewell appearance of Dame Nellie Melba, and I hear that the applications for boxes and stalls have already been numerous. The King has taken the Royal box, and Lord Ilchester has taken what used to be the omnibus box, immediately below it. In King Edward's time, both when he was Sovereign and Prince of Wales, no ladies ever sat in the omnibus box, only King Edward and his men friends, but now the omnibus box is let like the other boxes.

King Manoel is another subscriber for the season, and so is that most faithful of opera supporters, Lady Cowdray and her sister, Mrs. Kinnell. Lady Ludlow and Dame Nellie Melba have also taken boxes, and Lord Hambleden is amongst the subscribers for stalls. The season will begin on May 10, and last for eight weeks, with a *répertoire* of sixteen operas, to which it is hoped to make important additions. This will include a performance of Wagner's "Ring."

The London Opera Syndicate give this warning. They say, "Although the subscription list is already larger than last year, it is necessary, if international opera is to continue in this country, that it should be very greatly increased in order to cover expenses, particularly in the case of the boxes and stalls, which are more difficult to sell for single performances than any other parts of the house."

And that is very much that, so opera-lovers take heed and bear it in mind.

A Faithful and Devoted Friend

THERE has been much speculation as to the future plans of Miss Charlotte Knollys, who for over fifty years was Bedchamber Woman to Queen Alexandra, and her most devoted friend and companion, so devoted that she is regarded by the Royal Family as one of themselves. Those plans have now been made. Instead of going with Princess Victoria to Iver, as some people anticipated, Miss Knollys will live in London, in a flat in Mayfair, in the arrangement and decoration of which the King is taking a keen personal interest.

Bertram Park

A MARCH MARRIAGE

Lady Sheila Mary Scott, the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clonmell, whose marriage to Major Mansel Jackson, D.S.O., M.C., will take place early this month. Major Jackson is in the Royal Deccan Horse

It was King Edward, I believe, who gave Miss Knollys the nickname of "Chatty," by which she is called in the Royal Family. She is a most amusing talker, with wit and a keen sense of humour. It used to be said at Court that nobody had ever seen Miss Knollys put out or fussed. In the most trying moments she was always serene, and on occasion could launch the witty remark that turneth away wrath.

Lady July Miss Knollys had a brief holiday, but it was the first occasion for many years on which she had left Queen Alexandra. There is no one now living who has a fuller or wider knowledge of the intimate history of the Royal Families of Europe. There is no one who has more perfect discretion. Very early in his reign King Edward raised Miss Knollys to the rank of a baron's daughter as a mark of his appreciation of her unfaltering devotion to Queen Alexandra.

Her brother, Lord Knollys, who was private secretary to King Edward for forty years, was created a baron the year after King Edward's accession, and a viscount the year after King George's accession. The brother and sister were the most devoted servants King Edward and Queen Alexandra ever had, and that is saying a great deal.

Janet Jevons

MISS EVELYN GREY

Whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Clive Beale. Miss Grey is a niece of Lady Evelyn Murray and a granddaughter of Mr. John Murray, the publisher

A GREAT ADVENTURE

Mrs. Court Treatt, who achieved fame through her great journey with her husband, Major Court Treatt's expedition from the Cape to Cairo. She was the first white woman to enter certain parts of the Sudan

Dorothy Wilding

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

A recently taken photograph of the Begum of Bhopal with her granddaughters, Abida Sultan, Safeda Sultan and Rabia Sultan. The Begum has been in England since the autumn

Wireless and Conversation

GOING into my club a Sunday or two ago, I was surprised to find an acquaintance there, a man who has the reputation of never spending a Sunday in London because he is always invited somewhere for the week-end. In explanation of this I hasten to add that he is a delightfully witty man and a brilliant conversationalist, one of those guests whom week-end hostesses thank heaven for—and ask repeatedly to their houses.

I was surprised to see him, because I knew a friend of mine had been told they would be fellow-guests for the week-end at a house in Sussex. I said:

"Hello! What are you doing here? I heard you were going to —— for the week-end."

He looked at me over his paper, then put it on his knees and answered solemnly:

DEFYING THE WEATHER *I.B.*

Mrs. More O'Farrell (left), Lady Weldon and Mrs. Brooke at the North Kildare Point-to-Point at Windgates. The weather was none too kind to the opening Point-to-Point of the season

"I *was* going to —— until twelve o'clock yesterday. I was going by the four o'clock train from Victoria. But at twelve Lady X telephoned, asking me to bring down a new battery and other gadgets for their wireless. My man belongs to some sternly religious sect that won't let him tell lies. It cost me a pound note to induce him to smirch his innocent soul and tell Lady X on the telephone that I was in bed with a feverish cold and a temperature nearly bubbling outside the thermometer."

"But why smirch his innocent soul?" I asked.

"There was nothing else to be done. It was the only way I could save myself from hours of boredom. Think of it—wireless in that perfect Elizabethan house! But everybody has wireless now. Even really intelligent people will sit for a whole evening listening to things they wouldn't stand for ten minutes in a concert-hall or lecture-room."

I needn't quote the gentleman any further. But the point of his argument was that the wireless was destroying the art of conversation. Instead of the general talk in the drawing-room after dinner, he said, sometimes very amusing, and whether amusing or not always giving people the opportunity of getting to know one another, and perhaps make friends, everybody sat stolidly about whilst a loud-speaker bellowed forth every conceivable thing—music-hall songs, Chopin, hymns, jazz bands playing their syncopated wildest, heart-to-heart talks on the domestic habits of tigers and snails; everything under the sun except advice how to avoid paying your income-tax; with occasional shrieks and howls as some vessel in mid-ocean sank to the bottom, rolled over and over, and came up again.

The wireless, he said, had made country houses a desert so far as he was concerned. He refused to be condemned to sit silent throughout Saturday and Sunday evenings, and often, too, between tea and dinner on Sunday. "It's just like one's long-drawn-out family prayers," he said; "and who cares a button about a depression approaching from Iceland? The depression approaches me from the loud-speaker. I won't go to houses where they have wireless."

Well, that is his point of view. It takes a lot of people to make a world. But there is something to be said on the side of my disgruntled acquaintance. Wireless has entirely changed the evenings in country houses, and has put an end to general conversation. In many houses it has even put an end to Bridge. Yet what a boon it is when folks of varying degrees of dullness have by some mischance been gathered together to "eat pie," as they say in America, from a Saturday afternoon to a Monday morning.

OFF DUTY *Sport and General*

Mr. W. M. Mount watching one of the races in which he was not engaged in the recent Christ Church Point-to-Point at Chipping Norton. With him is Miss Fair

Sadler's Wells

A DETERMINED effort to collect the sum still required—some £38,000—to rebuild and equip Sadler's Wells Theatre is being made by the Committee. They are arranging a series of drawing-room meetings, *matinées*, and other entertainments with which to bring in some pennies for the

British Illus.

CONSULTING THE CARD

Lady Oswald and Mr. Jack Warren at the recent Hurdle and Steeplechases at Plumpton

Alfieri

IN THE PADDOCK

Sir Daniel Cooper and Mrs. Wyndham-Quin photographed at the recent meeting at Newbury

WEATHER PROOF *Alfieri*

Captain F. Spicer, Mrs. K. Menzies, Lady Avice Menzies and Mrs. Campbell photographed between races at the Christchurch Point-to-Point Meeting. The weather seemed to damp everything but their spirits

British Illus.

WITH A WEST COUNTRY PACK

Mrs. Hartley (left) and Lady Mary Thynne at a recent meet of the Wylye Valley Hounds. Major Hartley is the Hon. Huntsman of the pack

theatre. Miss Thelma Cazalet is the secretary, and Lady Cromer, Lady Rhondda, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, and the Hon. Mrs. Oliver Brett are keenly interested members of the Committee.

You all know the object in acquiring Sadler's Wells Theatre. It is to give Londoners on the north side of the river the dramatic and educational advantages now possessed by Londoners on the south side in the Old Vic. Sadler's Wells and the Old Vic will work in conjunction, and incidentally, another school of experience will be available for young actors and actresses. But the chief point, of course, is the establishment of a theatre for northern London on precisely the same lines as the Old Vic, and we all know what an educational force that has been on the southern side of the river under Miss Lilian Bayliss. So if you are moved to help in this establishment of Sadler's Wells as a permanent home for Shakespeare and opera, you can send your cheque to the honorary treasurer, Mr. R. T. T. Rowe, whom you will remember as the old rowing Blue and coach, at the Cavendish Club, Piccadilly.

Not Going Overseas

It is pleasant to record that all the pictures by our great Masters do not depart to America. Within the last year or so Sir John Leigh, the member for Clapham, has bought a Romney and two Gainsboroughs—at something over £30,000 for the three, I believe.

These will hang at Witley Park, the huge house in Surrey on which Whitaker Wright and the late Lord Pirrie spent vast sums of money during their respective occupancies. Sir John Leigh formerly lived at Lillieshall, in Shropshire, a beautiful old house, which he bought from the Duke of Sutherland, with equally beautiful gardens which were laid out by Lady Millicent Hawes when she was Duchess. But Lady Leigh was ill for many months there from sleeping sickness, and after her recovery Sir John sold the place and bought Witley, which had then come into the market through the death of Lord Pirrie.

A Brilliant Artist

Few artists have the versatility of Mr. Edmund Blampied, whose brilliant colour and black and white drawings and cartoons are so well known to BYSTANDER readers. I don't suppose any of you knew that Mr. Blampied was likewise one of the leading etchers of the day. Myself I

Poole, Waterford

A FOLLOWER OF THE BELVOIR

The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tennyson at a recent meet of the Belvoir at Eastwell. Mrs. Tennyson is the sister of Lord Glenconnor

should place him as the leader in the first flight. Well, if you don't know, it is your duty to repair your ignorance immediately by going to the Painter Etchers' Exhibition at the Suffolk Galleries in Pall Mall East. There you will see two striking examples of Mr. Blampied's etching, "The Letter," and "Reflections." They are masterly in restraint and expression.

But colour-work, black and white drawing, and etching do not exhaust Mr. Blampied's versatility. Last year he was awarded one of the twelve gold medals given at an international exhibition in Paris for lithography. You don't often find one man who excels in four different vehicles of the artist's craft. Mr. Blampied is the exception

SPRING FASHIONS

Special Enlarged Number.
March 17th

Marc Le Noir

"WET BOBS" ON THE RIVIERA

The cold and drizzle of an early English spring seem very far away in this photograph. It was taken on Sunshine Beach at Cannes where sea and sun combine to make life worth living

The Riviera Week by Week

IN a blaze of sunshine which was only rivalled by the blaze of publicity which preceded and followed the match, Suzanne Lenglen the temperamental, and Helen Wills the placid, met, at last, at Cannes, and the historic encounter was the sole topic of conversation for quite a long time. Golf, polo, finding hotel accommodation, trying to get the best rate of exchange at the bank—all these popular Riviera recreations were relegated for the time being into complete obscurity, and it is certain that no other tennis contest has ever proved more thoroughly thrilling. The international tournament at Beaulieu had to close down for the day, for not only would there have been a very small attendance, but every one of the players was going to Cannes to see the big match at any cost.

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THE crowd was amazing. Thousands turned up at an early hour in the morning, when many of them would, in the ordinary course of events, have been returning home from some gala or night-club, and waited for a remote eleventh-hour chance of securing an odd seat from which to catch at least a glimpse of the court. Those who had reserved their places a week before often had the greatest difficulty in reaching them, while endless comedy was provided by agile spectators who climbed big eucalyptus trees, followed by rather less agile gendarmes who never quite succeeded in reaching their quarry, and by others who invaded the attic of an adjacent house, took half the tiles off, and looked through the roof in a fashion that was irresistibly comical.

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THE Battle of Flowers at Cannes was not noted for elegance or originality this year, and the Beau-Site Hotel easily outshone all other competitors, as usual, with a wonderful reproduction of a Flanders windmill, which was well up to the high standard of this hotel and was at the same time unexpectedly appropriate, for it turned out to be a breezy afternoon and the sails whirled round merrily. Lady Peel's children made a very pretty picture as a honeymoon couple in a tiny donkey cart, and the grand-children of Lady Boot were among the jolliest juvenile party of all, and fought with vigour with their floral ammunition.

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ADMIRAL LORD WESTER WEMYSS has had to leave for a short trip to England, but before he went he made good progress with the arrangements for the big ball in aid of Sunny Bank Hospital on March 11, in which he is being splendidly supported by Sir Francis Elliot and Mr. L. Neumann, as well as a number of enthusiastic lady helpers.

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THE tennis tournament at the Bristol at Beaulieu has been very successful, and the Duke of Connaught was often among the onlookers, but for general interest it is going to be beaten by the Monte Carlo tournament, which seems to be a record-breaker, thanks partly to the energies of Mr. G. Pearce Butler, the president of the Club, and other keen supporters. There is a wonderful list of entries, those for the Butler Trophy alone representing no less than ten different countries. Who can say that Monte Carlo is not cosmopolitan after that? Excellent players from many parts of Europe have also entered for the Duke of Connaught's Gold Cup, for the Beaumont Trophy, the Prince of Monaco's shield, the cup offered by the International Sporting Club, and the beakers given by the King of Sweden for veterans of fifty years and over. The King arrived last Monday at Nice, and as usual one of his first visits after removing the dust of travel was to the tennis courts.

Marc Le Noir

ALL AQUA-PLANE SAILING

An enthusiast in action on the bay at Cannes. In aqua-planing the "victim" stands on a board that is towed by a fast motor-boat

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MR. BUTLER keeps open house at his apartment in the Park Palace during the whole week, and his father-in-law, Mr. J. Martin White, who owns a fine sporting estate at Balruddery, near Dundee, and was M.P. for Forfarshire some years ago, is often over from Cannes with Mrs. Martin White and their daughter Joan. Others now in the Principality include Lord and Lady Hamilton of Dalzell, Lord Cawley, Lady Mexborough, Sir Peter Rylands, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Nigel Baring, Sir Charles and Lady Cottier, Mrs. Wentworth-James, the novelist, and Sir Ian Malcolm, who is visiting his mother-in-law, Lady de Bathe.

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MR. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling are among the increasing number who make the journey out by sea, and they came to Toulon in the Orient liner *Ormonde*, and are now quietly resting at Roquebrune-Cap Martin at their villa. The distinguished writer seems to have benefited already by the warm sunshine and the bracing sea air.

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SIR WILLIAM MERCER, chairman of the Pacific Cable Board, and for many years a Crown Agent for the Colonies, has arrived in Menton with Lady Mercer, and other arrivals include Sir Henry and Lady Miller, of Belfast, Sir Gilbert and Lady

Heathcote, Lady Leach (whose late husband for many years commanded the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment), and Mr. Charles M. Henderson, who is visiting Lady Watts. Miss Victoria Cross, who is one of our most prominent residents here, is entertaining a good deal this season with her uncle, Mr. Heneage Griffin. The Carnival Ball at the Casino was very popular, and the Moorish decorations made a picturesque background for numerous Oriental costumes—and for others which might have been Eastern or Western, but were at times difficult to define.

EVERY golfer within miles of Mont Agel looked forward keenly to the mixed foursomes competition for THE BYSTANDER Trophy, which took place on February 25, and was the only contest of the week. Of all the competitions for our trophies none has been held in more romantic or fascinating surroundings, and this famous course in the clouds—that is, when we have any clouds on the Riviera, as we do at times—is unique and well worth visiting.

Central Press

TEE TIME IN MALTA

A photograph from the Golf Club which is now thronged with enthusiasts. Mrs. Farrington is seen watching Colonel Stephen driving off from one of the tees

THERE are a number of guests from the north of Ireland at the Golf Hotel at Hyères just now, among them Sir Francis Macnaghten, of Dundarave, Co. Antrim, and his wife, who is a daughter of the late Sir William Ritchie, a former Chief Justice of Canada. With them are Sir Henry Miller, an ex-Lord Mayor of Londonderry, and Lady Miller, and Mr. D. W. Miller, who is the present Lord Mayor of that city. Sir Neville Fitzgerald Chamberlain, who is staying at Costebelle, is another link with that country, having been at one time Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary. Hyères is recovering from a whole week of strenuous fancy-dress affairs, commencing with a black-and-white *veglione* (nothing to do with whisky, by the way) at the Casino, and including gay scenes at the Golf Hotel, the Palmiers, and the Beau-Séjour. The spirit of emulation among hotels and their guests is resulting in some very original and amusing carnival costumes, and novel ideas seem to flourish under the warm spring sunshine and the brilliant electric light on which we alternately depend. They look better at night, however.

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

Central Press

TWO UP AT MALTA

Mr. L. A. H. Wright and Miss Maryon Wilson face the camera before a little exercise. The photograph was taken at the Marsa Club

THE Golf Club at Hyères is very proud of itself for having established a remarkable record lately. No fewer than eight of the members have accomplished a hole in one during the ten weeks which ended on February 8, and, as the habit seems to be growing on them, heaven only knows what the figures may be by the time this issue appears in print! The players concerned are Admiral Sir Percy Gaunt, Colonel L. Munro, Dr. Rutherford, Major G. D. H. Ewart, and Messrs. A. C. Destree, A. J. Slater, F. I. Drake and A. Mackenzie Ross.

O. Loghau

BARS—MUSICAL AND OTHERWISE

A cheery party in the Kronenhof bar at Pontresina. If the song in progress is "I Want to be Happy," the gathering appear to have achieved their wish

"The Ambassador"

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

CERTAIN well-known and extremely cheery gentlemen of London got together about a year ago, I believe, in a subterranean cocktail bar as well known to all of you as they are—but the history of the matter is a trifle hazy on that point—and they said, "We must have a dance club of our very own."

THEY then doubtless repaired to lunch, (1) because cocktail barmen have ears all over their bodies, and (2) because no self-respecting West-Ender can talk business, private and confidential business, without the vital concomitant of lunch. It can't be done. The cheeriest member of this Brigade of the Old Guard let me into the secret (very injudiciously) a long time ago; and I have been watching, with an avid interest, the gradually bursting into bloom of this flower of the night ever since.

IT is a very pretty flower. They call it "The Ambassador," and it thrives in Conduit Street; having no connection, except as to its *clientèle*, with a flower of a very similar name in another conservatory close by.

THEY seem to have shown a certain lack of originality in calling it "The Ambassador," in view of a precedent in nomenclature: and for some months to come one can hear the taciturn London taxi-driver mumbling, "Wot d'yer mean, Ambasserder: you mean Embersy, don't yer?" Which is exactly what the fare *doesn't* mean—however. . . .

NOW these Old Guardians (how annoyed they will be about this: what fun!) carry a certain amount of weight in any game of this sort in which they take a playing hand; because jointly, as a body corporate, so to speak, they know all about Finance, the Stage, the Hunting Fraternity, the Fair Sex, Good Food, and the Right kind of Dance Club. And what more does any such enterprise need? One thing. A manager. That didn't trouble them. For straightway they plucked Rizzi from his bed at Ciro's, and planted him in their own. And there he is, with his enchanting smile, and his popularity; and everything at The Ambassador is very nicely, thank you, in consequence.

LET us take a peep at it, from the Cirolean gallery that runs all round. I should dearly like a tenth of the money that has been spent on this place. I should like to have the extremely good taste of the man (or men) who designed it. Briefly, *café au lait* marble pillars, with the cream just coming to the top of the cup. Hanging lamps of a delicate amber colour and most beautiful shapes. The prettiest lamps you ever danced under in all Europe. Old rose brocade sofa seats and biscuit-coloured walls. Gay pink carnations in boxes all round the gallery edge. Three very insidious arc lights in each of the four corners of the glass roof, warranted to create moonlight; or that naughty mauve light so becoming to the ladies; or the crimson beam which leads to indiscretions—all equally alluring and dangerous; the last word in well-laid parquet for those who get caught up in the eddies of the Charleston. A musicians' gallery (this bed requires weeding: it is over-planted). A cocktail bar, just in the right place, which is by the door as you come in. A grill room, where, hiding upstairs on Sunday night in plus fours, you can see a white-coated artist giving your steak that extra turn which makes all the difference. An oak-panelled writing-room (I suppose they dare not call it a "waiting-room") where the lady can go to whom you are unwise enough to say, "I may be a bit late, old thing, just go right up." She knows what *that* means. In fact, everything that the right sort of dinner-dance-supper club could possibly require.

IT is ridiculous of people to say "there are too many of these places." These remarks are usually mouthed by the misanthrope who indulges in a couple of Dress-Circles every second Thursday, and contents himself with the loud-speaker on other nights. You have only to look, as I did last night, at the people pouring in to dinner, and crowding in to supper, to realise what most of the fair and famous whose pictures you have seen in these pages really look like in the—er—flesh. And to know at the same time that there has only to be a candle, with a bright type of flame, to attract all these London moths night after night.

I HAD with me a little lady who, alas, lives in Westmorland—wherever that may be. She sat with her provocative lips slightly parted (I *wish* she wouldn't do this: one has troubles enough as it is!) and her remarks, as the Great World drifted in, were somewhat as follows:—

"Isn't she *too* marvellous? I'd give anything for a back like hers [unnecessary charity, this]. . . . Is that *really* him? I thought he was much older. . . . Divine frocks she wears: but, of course, with all that money. . . . You *don't* mean to say that's ——? How frightfully thrilling. . . . You are a *darling* to bring me here: I'd no idea. . . ." And then the look, don't you know, that causes a man to pay his bill in a *distrait* manner.

THERE were a number of men doing the same thing: for the same reason. I fear The Ambassador will be responsible for a lot of this. Well, it's worth it—every time.

A Special Matinée

An opportunity of helping a good cause is the matinée in aid of the Mary MacArthur Holiday Home for Working Women at the New Scala Theatre on Wednesday, March 17th, at 2.45 p.m. Her Majesty the Queen has promised to be present. The play chosen is "The Blue Stockings," an adaptation of Molière's "Les Femmes Savantes," and a very notable company of players have consented to appear. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Firth, at 33, Bruton Street, W.1 (Mayfair 948), or from the Scala Box Office. Please go.

"Welcome, Little Stranger!"

Abbé

MLLE. SPINELLY

Better known as "Spi." She will make her first appearance in this country in C. B. Cochran's new revue which will take a preliminary canter in the country before coming to the West End

"MR. ABDULLA" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

Produced February 10, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS play is called an "Adventurous Absurdity," which, as far as I can see, may mean anything. It is a very undecided affair. Every now and then it changes its spots like the chameleon—or is it the Ethiopian? I never can remember. We begin with a scene in a West-end hotel in London, where Mr. Morris Harvey sits in spectacled state in his self-appointed capacity as private secretary (with an American accent) to a Balkan Prince. The Prince is a young man in pursuit of the usual round of pleasure, and it seems that if he should spend a whole half-crown, or thereabouts, on an evening's plunge, his particular Balkan State will have to pay an extra penny on the income-tax to meet the prodigal outlay. The chief concern of everybody at the moment is that some of the Prince's baggage has been mislaid, especially the box containing the Crown Jewels, or something like that, and the police are called in to investigate. It looks for the moment as if we had got the usual "crook" play on hand, and we laugh at the usual comic policeman and await developments.

THEN the story takes, as it were, a hair-pin bend. A young man related to a Duke, who was with the Prince in the Great War somewhere in the desert, calls to pay his respects. The Prince greets his old friend eagerly. He is horribly bored, since he has to live cooped up in his hotel until he has received official recognition from Buckingham Palace, or thereabouts. He wants to see something of the real England as described so nicely and luridly by the "best sellers" of the moment. The Duke's relative at once fixes up a little evening with his distinguished family; but for reasons of his own, the Prince wishes to be known as "Mr. Abdulla" only. He is not quite sure of the kind of company he is going to be invited to mix with, and he doesn't want to get his real name in the papers.

A GOOD "BAG" *Stage Photo Co.*
H. G. Stoker, as Colonel Lord Henry Gascoyne, catches the Police Inspector (Albert Ward) red-handed, greatly to the interest of Lieut. Count Carlo Sabatini (Geoffrey Bevan)

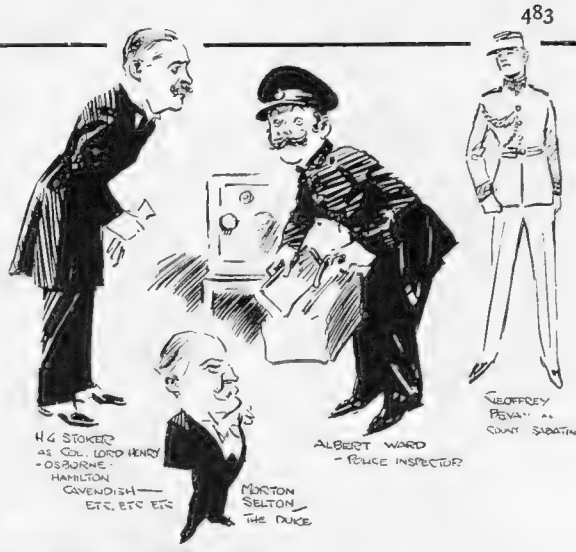
SO the second act finds us at the ducal mansion in the West End. The young ladies of the house party at once presume that "Mr. Abdulla" must be a "Sheik," and they overwhelm him with attentions accordingly. It seems hardly credible, but we are asked to believe at this stage that the Prince imagines himself to have been brought to a fashionable lupanar. He regards the fussy old Duke as the "patron" of the house, and presumes that the Duchess is the official *sous-maitresse*, or something of that sort. There is all the less excuse for the Prince, because in his less prosperous days, before he returned from exile, he was, among other things, a waiter in Constantinople. And it is generally conceded among worldly people that although you can deceive lots of people during the evening as to the status of your lady friend, the waiter will "place" her first time, and fix the amount of his tip accordingly.

MR. HENRY DANIELL, as the Prince, handles the situation with extreme delicacy; but it is clear that in pressing his not unwelcome attentions upon one of the ladies

immediately on making her acquaintance, he is forcing the pace a little owing to his sad misconception of the facts. Fortunately about this time the play turns another hair-pin bend. The Duke, who happens also to be the Home Secretary of the moment, is very much worried on hearing that the Balkan Prince has been spirited away from his hotel, presumably by his Private Secretary, who has designs on His Highness's jewel-case. One of the guests, formerly in the Diplomatic Service, remembers having seen this "Mr. Abdulla" somewhere in Constantinople, and the Duke at once comes to the conclusion that his guest is merely a sort of cat-burglar who has come to try and steal the Duchess's pearls. I do not know what the standard of intelligence at the Home Office may be; but I know from a recent experience that they are not whales on Lindley Murray there. I had called on behalf of a friendly alien, and the responsible official thrust my papers back into my hands with the abrupt comment: "I can't do nothin' for yer!" I have always understood that the ability to do nothing is largely characteristic of our Civil Service, but I should have thought it could have been done in better English.

Still, this official topsy-turvydom may help to explain the vagaries of the Ducal Home Secretary in this case. Convinced that there is a gang of thieves in the house, he gets a shot-gun and a revolver and creeps about the corridors ready to down the first suspicious-looking person at sight. Once, seeing a strange figure in the distance he lets fly, only to learn that he has shot the leg from an unoffending statue in a corner. This little mistake, however, does not at all damp His Grace's enthusiasm. He walks about with his gun at full-cock, loudly protesting that things are coming to a pretty pass if you can't shoot a man in your own house. By this time "Mr. Abdulla," still, apparently, in doubt as to the nature of the company he is keeping, is rather anxious to get off the premises before his identity is discovered.

He is just creeping up the stairs when the fatuous old Duke spots him, and at once calls him to put up his hands, convinced that one of the rascals has been run to earth at last. "Mr. Abdulla" is then bound hand and foot, and tied to a settle, while someone does what should have been done in the first instance—that is, ring for the police. But while the Duke and his butler are chasing the next of the alleged criminals, the sweet young lady who fascinated the Prince at the start comes into the hall, and is surprised to find her handsome young guest tied up, as it were, in a parcel ready for delivery. She, of course, at once loosens his bonds, and offers to show him the way out. This young lady is very charmingly represented by Miss Frances Doble, whose fascinating appearance goes far to excuse the Prince's very sudden outburst of affection.



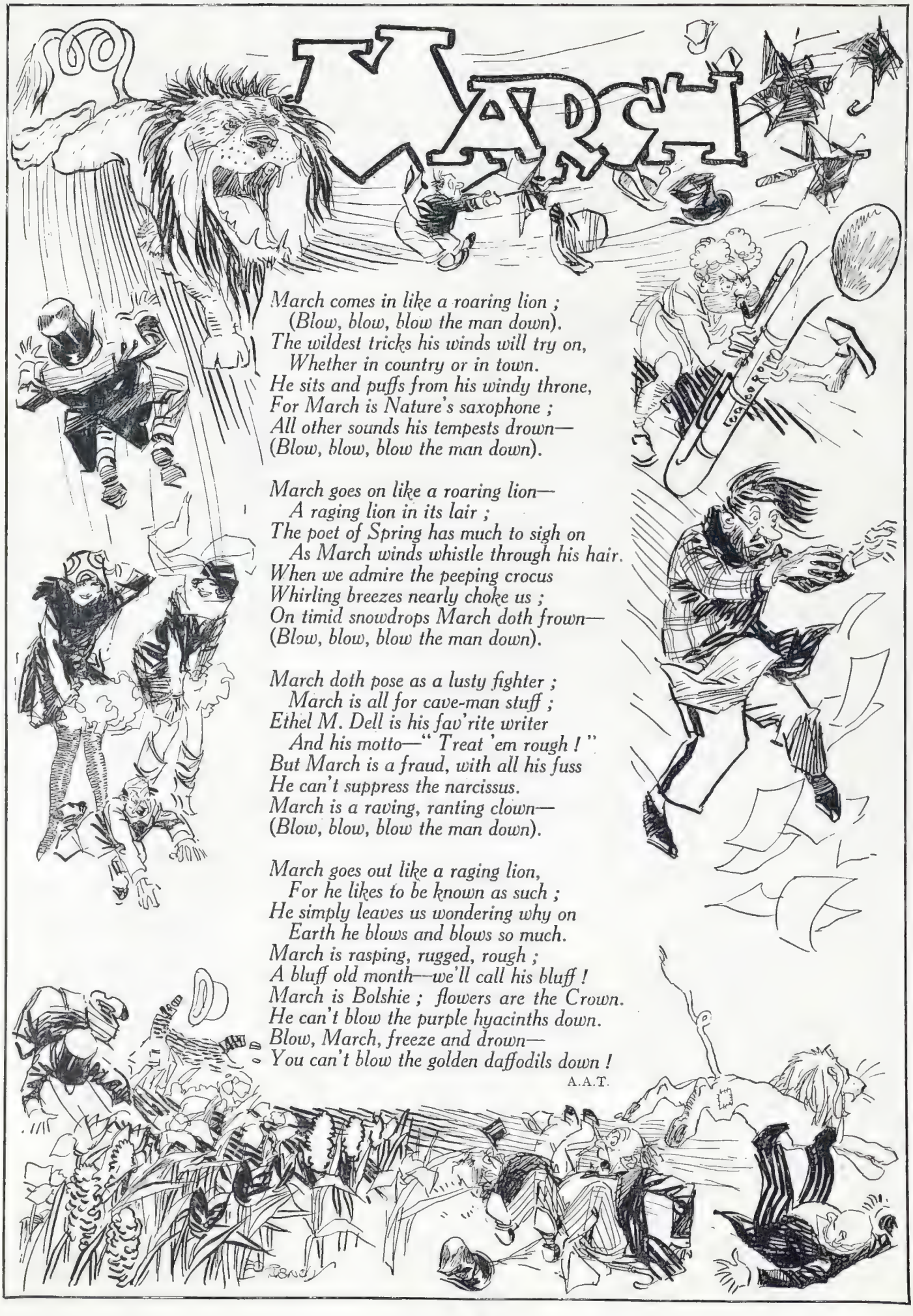
SO ARISTOCRATIC! *Stage Photo Co.*

The photograph shows: Fletcher Lightfoot (left) as a footman, Grizelda Hervey as Lady Barbara, Deering Wells as the Hon. Eric Wickes-Mostyn, Helen Ferrers as the Duchess of Pevensey, Morten Selten as the Duke of Pevensey, Frances Doble as the Hon. Moira Ffolliott-Foljambe, Henry Daniell as the Prince of Kara-Slavia and Morris Harvey as Dr. Greener. Obviously an "inner circle" assembly!

After that the play runs the usual course of plays of the kind. The maximum number of permutations of wrongful arrests and detentions faithfully occur with the mechanical precision to be expected of so well drilled a company. Mr. Morris Harvey is another who is bound and gagged by the eccentric Duke, who is himself arrested in due course, and when the last possible change has been rung a suit of armour is propped up on the settle to take its chances with the police. Then Miss Frances Doble, as the accomplice of "Mr. Abdulla," is all but arrested and run round to the police station, a halt only being called to the fun when "Mr. Abdulla," having made good his escape from the premises, reappears as the missing Prince, to receive the apologies of all concerned.

Mr. Morris Harvey is, of course, a host in himself, and as the American Secretary to the Prince he is responsible for a great deal of the rollicking fun. Mr Morten Selten as the Duke, suspicious of everybody lower in rank than himself, gives quite a masterly performance. I once met a real Duke, and although he was not at all like the Duke portrayed by Mr. Selten, I dare say there are Dukes and Dukes. Mr. Henry Daniell makes love very gracefully, and he is every inch a Prince. Miss Helen Ferrers as the Duchess has both dignity and humour, and the promoters of this enterprise are obviously people of courage.

Jingle.



March comes in like a roaring lion ;
(Blow, blow, blow the man down).
The wildest tricks his winds will try on,
Whether in country or in town.
He sits and puffs from his windy throne,
For March is Nature's saxophone ;
All other sounds his tempests drown—
(Blow, blow, blow the man down).

March goes on like a roaring lion—
A raging lion in its lair ;
The poet of Spring has much to sigh on
As March winds whistle through his hair.
When we admire the peeping crocus
Whirling breezes nearly choke us ;
On timid snowdrops March doth frown—
(Blow, blow, blow the man down).

March doth pose as a lusty fighter ;
March is all for cave-man stuff ;
Ethel M. Dell is his fav'rite writer
And his motto—" Treat 'em rough ! "
But March is a fraud, with all his fuss
He can't suppress the narcissus.
March is a raving, ranting clown—
(Blow, blow, blow the man down).

March goes out like a raging lion,
For he likes to be known as such ;
He simply leaves us wondering why on
Earth he blows and blows so much.
March is rasping, rugged, rough ;
A bluff old month—we'll call his bluff !
March is Bolshie ; flowers are the Crown.
He can't blow the purple hyacinths down.
Blow, March, freeze and drown—
You can't blow the golden daffodils down !

A.A.T.

Sketches by LEO CHENEY

BY ALBERT BAILEY

THE RENDEZVOUS

A LAND O

The Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River, South Africa, have been described by many travellers as "The Eighth Wonder of the beauty they are at once sublime and awe-inspiring and mark the culmination of grandeur in a country famed for its scenery. The at their best from June to October when the decreased volume of water

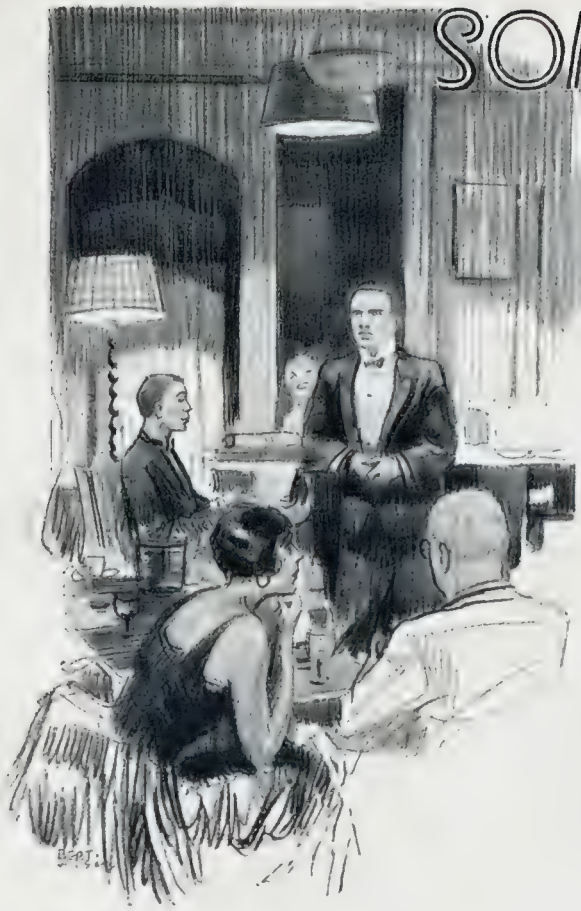
OF SUNSHINE

BY BLAM

he World.'' They are more than a mile in width and the height of the actual falls varies from 250 to 400 feet. In their natural The Native (Bantu) name for the Falls is *Mosi-oa-Tunya*, metaphorically, "The Smoke that Thunders." The Victoria Falls are seen s redress the errors effects and permits of a clearer view of the various falls

BY M MACMICHAEL

THE HAT TRICK



SOME PARIS NIGHTS
THE COSMOPOLITANS

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrated by BERT WILSON

MORALIZING in the Calais-Paris train, you say, "Now, no jazzing about the town to-night. A little quiet dinner somewhere: we won't dress. A show: perhaps a small drink at Harry's afterwards, and then bed. Don't you agree?" He (or she) invariably does agree, because the insidious Paris atmosphere has not yet enveloped either of you. But it begins to do so as soon as you are wedged in the taxi and have become immersed in the maelstrom of traffic in the Place de Valenciennes about 6.30 p.m.

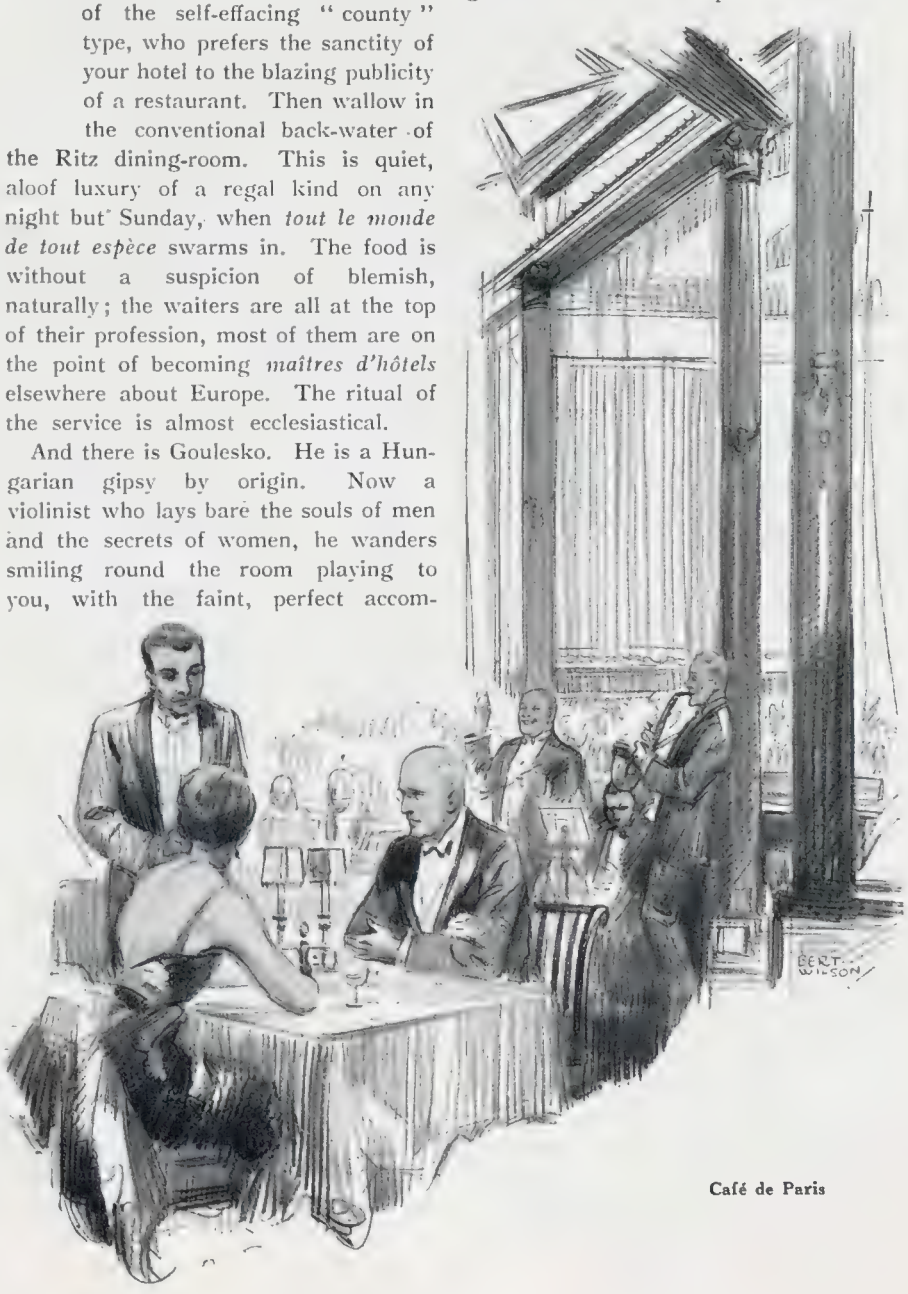
Arrived at the hotel, a spasmodic wash, and then the fever to get out and mingle with the world, now very much at large, burns within you. A cocktail . . . much too early to dine yet . . . a taxi. In Paris now-a-nights the taxi is the cheap and very swift means to every end. The cocktail hour, merging more often than not into two, plays an important part in the lives of all cosmopolitans. It has become a dire necessity. The Champs Elysées, high up, near the Arc, contains most of these underground *endroits*. Here is a typical one. They are all much alike. Come in.

Three hundred people, shall we say? Close seated, chattering. The men very *soignés*: the women very skilfully embellished, their faces, owing to the fashionable *traitement*, making them appear like pale beauties of the Malay States. A white-coated barman attends to you at last. Drink a "Sidecar." It looks so harmless: and life seems *so* easy after a couple of them. This is Cosmopolis, here. This is the hour when beauty and youth and protesting middle-age are galvanised into a zest for tilting a lance with the night once more. . . . So, back anon down the violet-hued, pink-splashed Elysées to the Concorde, and the hotel. A bath, change, dinner, comfortably and very thoroughly at 9. Where?

Of a multitude of delectable places that await you all about, let us glance at two. You may be of the self-effacing "county" type, who prefers the sanctity of your hotel to the blazing publicity of a restaurant. Then wallow in the conventional back-water of the Ritz dining-room. This is quiet, aloof luxury of a regal kind on any night but Sunday, when *tout le monde de tout espèce* swarms in. The food is without a suspicion of blemish, naturally; the waiters are all at the top of their profession, most of them are on the point of becoming *maîtres d'hôtels* elsewhere about Europe. The ritual of the service is almost ecclesiastical.

And there is Goulesko. He is a Hungarian gipsy by origin. Now a violinist who lays bare the souls of men and the secrets of women, he wanders smiling round the room playing to you, with the faint, perfect accompaniment of his Rumanian orchestra somewhere in the unseen background. If you have a lovely lady with you (and of course you have) he will play discreetly to her, bowing humbly for permission. She will appear more adorable than she ever did, while Goulesko strokes those plaintive muted strings. You will appear to her, for the moment, a very prince among dinner organisers; and all the cares of the world will fade gently but surely away, leaving just you two alone in that cream and pink heaven. It is all very disturbing and wonderful and expensive.

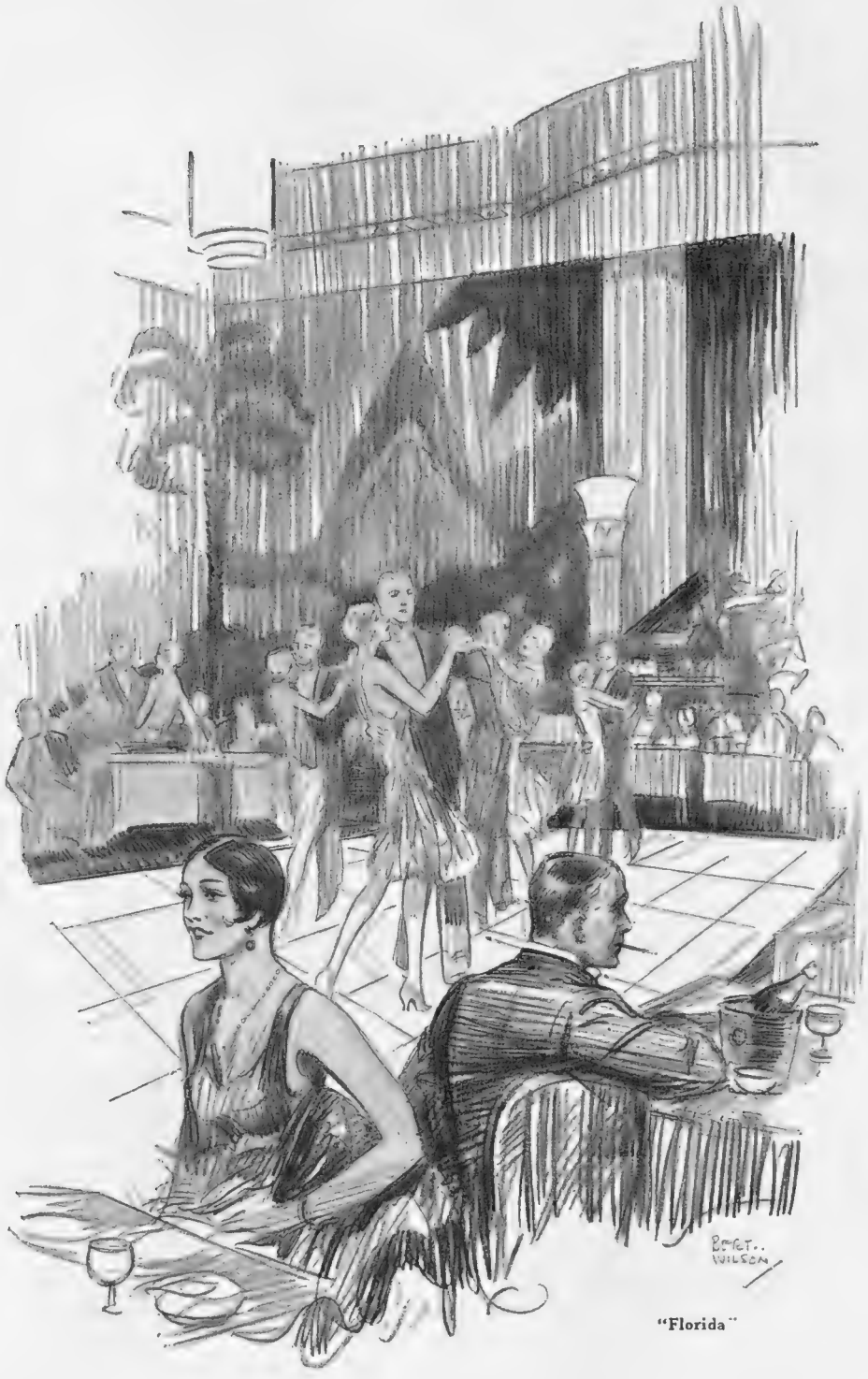
But you want the scintillating glamour of the cosmopolitan world of



Café de Paris

diners? The Café de Paris, then, for a change. That gay, rose-petal place with the abandoned jazz band, the leering saxophone—the glint and sparkle of thinly camouflaged devilment in every eye. A perfect dinner, if you can pay for it. End it, having eaten moderately beforehand, with some of their *terrine* of *foie gras* and one of their salads; drink some of the old brandy of the house after that, and you are then ready, eager in fact, to cope with anything that men, beasts or gods may thrust upon your subsequent path, and the sooner the better.

A leisurely hour thereafter spent in that lower room in the Rue Daunou, just round the corner, while Harry's charming Americans sing and play provocatively to you (every melody here tends to move your polished shoes towards the Hill); and Montmartre, and all that glittering *endroit* implies, takes you for its own, in spite of all your good resolutions, now completely forgotten.



"Florida"

" Le Perroquet " a year ago reigned supreme in the Rue de Clichy. Now it has a serious rival next door. " Florida " they call it. A fearful and wonderful place. Hither come all the *chic* cosmopolitans of the world nightly. The half of them are at " Perroky's," the other half at " Florida." And there is little enough room to dance at 1 a.m. in either of them.

Florida! The name must surely remain lovingly in the minds of men who disappear from here to the waste places of the world. A huge room, humanity close-parked. Coral pink and pigeon-grey the dominant colours, with futuristic mural designs on a grandiose scale. A big, pulsing orchestra, in the hidden depths of which a woman's voice sings sweetly. A glass dance floor, divided into big squares of peacock blue and pale pink, through which from below there comes a blaze of electricity. All the women, you will understand, who move so mockingly, gracefully, upon it are blessed, even in the drab daylight hours, with perfect feet and perfect—er—ankles. Now, with the upward shining lights how ineffably lovely they all are. . . .

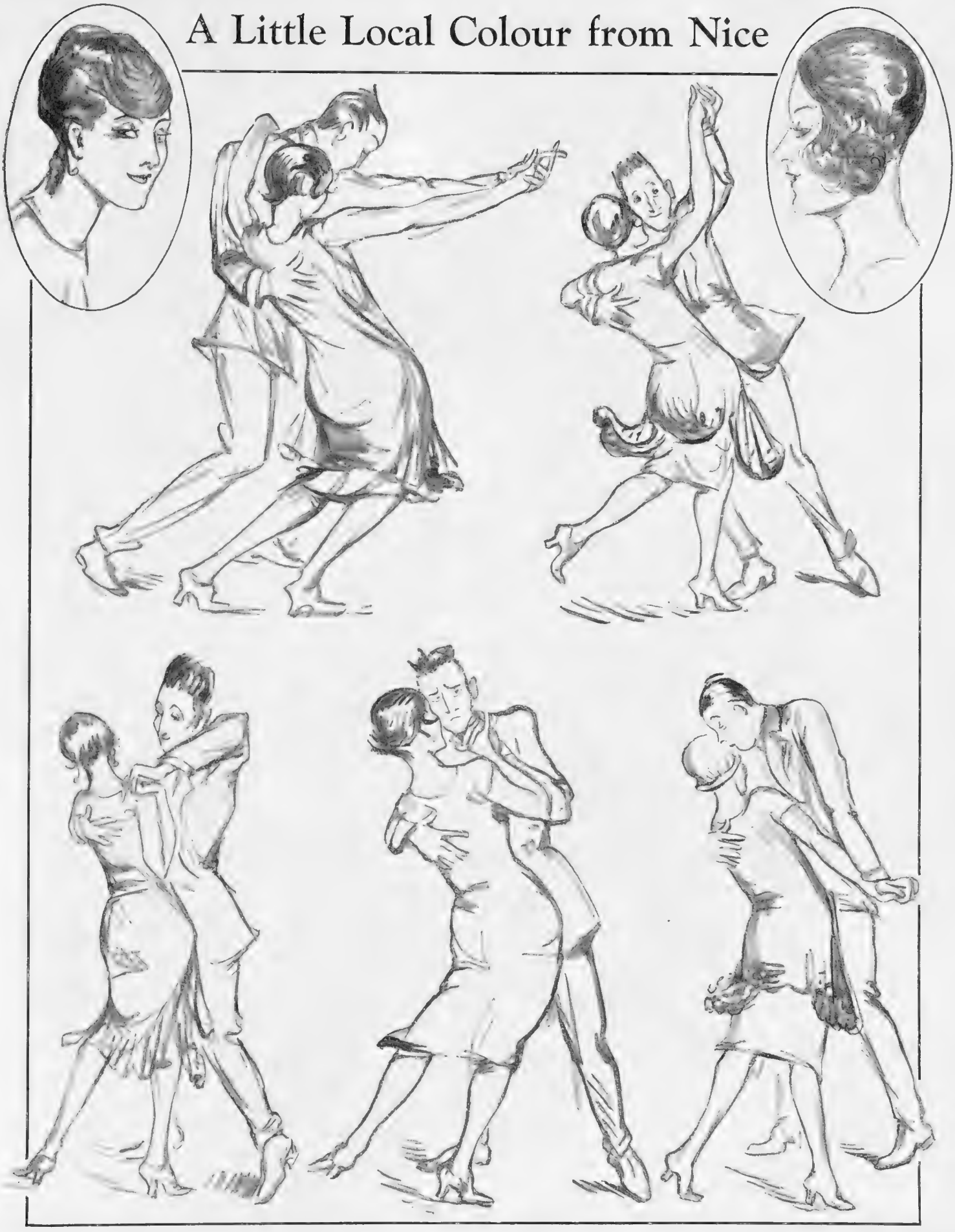
There is more wealth, wit, winsomeness, wine and unwisdom within these painted walls at the moment than anywhere else in the world, probably. And on a spring night, when the sliding roof moves away, disclosing the dark blue heart of the sky in which the stars throb, what more need man and woman seek than each other?

During a darkened interval, upon the shining floor, with all the lights beneath and only the whispering gloom above, there appear suddenly two perfect human figures, Vronska and Alperoff, from the Imperial Theatre of Petrograd—dancers. Their clothes are merely wisps of conventionality. Their every lissom movement is the embodiment of all the graces. He is an Apollo, she a Venus—when, pouf! up snap the lights—they have gone! You gasp: push your glass instinctively towards the hovering waiter: finger your dress tie self-consciously. The women continue to stare pensively at the waste of floor, making who knows what dread mental comparisons between Alperoff's figure and yours, and mine?

Never mind; you and she and the rest of them are but minute particles of all this colossal kaleidoscope of coloured splendour. The band booms out again. The kaleidoscopic wheel begins to revolve once again; the atoms move with it, intermingling, deliciously close, a *pot-pourri* of all the cosmopolitan people of a Paris night.

The clock moves on also, as usual. Who cares? Not I, certainly: nor you. We'll go on somewhere else presently; and thence—and thence. Why not? Is not all Montmartre surrounding us, clamant, compelling, continuous? . . .

A Little Local Colour from Nice



Sketches by ROSE LE QUESNE

Our artist's impressions of the types of dancers and dancing to be seen at the Casino Jetée at Nice. This is the rendezvous of the natives themselves, being entirely French in character and not to be confused with the other more expensive and cosmopolitan Casino

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

It is announced that a number of apostles of Mormonism are coming to England. We trust that it will be a question of quick returns for these small prophets.

. . . . .

Last week a witness told a County Court judge that the ladies at Golders Green positively refuse to wear green. That adds truth to the saying, "All is not green that Golders."

. . . . .

An air pilot has been charged with being drunk and disorderly. The prosecution alleged that he was "flown with insolence and wine."

. . . . .

Recently at a cabaret show, while a couple were performing a Bacchanalian dance, the lady suddenly let go of her dancing partner and was sent sprawling. For the moment we thought the end of the whirled had come.

. . . . .

If the Communists want a really appropriate song, we commend to them this version of a once-famous hymn:—

We never will forgo our hate;
We have all but a single hate;
We love as one; we hate as one;
We have one foe and one alone,
WORK!

. . . . .

It is reported that when Miss Helen Wills pays her visit to England she is keen to bathe in the Serpentine. If she did so this month, Miss Wills would find it's Helen winter.

IN THE PALACE OF TRUTH.

"Why did you leave your last situation?"

"Because I was dirty, untruthful, and stole."

. . .

"Have you ever kissed any other girl before?"

"The answer would run well into three figures."

. . .

"What did the biggest fish you ever caught weigh?"

"Just under three-quarters of a pound."

. . .

"Do you ever lie to your husband?"
"Upon an average, once a day."

. . .

"Your hair, sir, wants nothing on it at all."

LINES FROM A MILK-SOPPER.

Dear Mr. Milkman,
I am one,
Who, as a child, would hold you dear:
Some thought the baker took the bun;
But though I liked them and their ilk, oh,
For me there was no cry like "Milk O!"

But now I learn with grave concern
That it for long has been your pleasure
To play old Harry with your churn,
And dock me of my rightful measure,
Debauching thus a noble trade
By apt adulteration's aid!

For many moons when I've got up,
My voice has suddenly grown gruff,
As I have poured into my cup
Of morning tea your washy stuff.
I've growled, like Martin Harvey, "Eh,
This is, of course, The Only Whey!"

You hold that custom's law permits
Your filching that for which I pay;
But though you want your perquisites,
That's not the "pint" (as Cockneys say).
Come—ere we send you to perdition,
Abjure the sins of your "commission!"

. . . . .

"Don't you care for whitebait?"

"As a matter of fact, whitebait is my *bête noire!*"

. . . . .

A barber has just completed a novel which a journal is to publish as a serial. The usual announcement, "To be continued in our necks," will be a more than familiar one.

. . . . .

A correspondent writes that two things in the theatre strike him as peculiar. One is that actors with beards never use the safety-curtain-razor; and the other, that few musical conductors realise that modulation is the thief of time.

. . . . .

A writer in a contemporary declares that women change colour more easily than men. Of course, the former have only to open a vanity bag.

. . . . .

The cox of a racing eight is the most autocratic fellow on earth. Instead of being content merely to hold the rudder-lines, he always wants to shove his oar in.

By Stan Terry

SUNK!

Player: "What's become of the old fellow who used to be the marker here?"

New Marker: "Oh—he's gone for the long rest, sir!"

A Hard World!

BY WILMOT LUNT

"The idea of him asking for money, and we on our way to a charity ball!"

La Vie Sportive as Lived

Central News

EN GARDE

The Oxford University Foil and Sabre Team, which fought right valiantly against the Cambridge team, who won the Competition. The photograph shows: G. Toyne (left), Prince Olaf of Norway, J. W. G. Ogilvie, C. S. A. Simey and M. P. H. Bull

L.N.A.

A GOOD CLEARANCE

Parker winning the long jump at the Eton House Sports recently. He cleared fifteen feet six inches

Sport and General

AT THE MEET

Mr. W. W. Hicks Beach, the Master, with the Whips at a meet of the Eton College Beagles. This meet, which was held recently, took place at the Sanatorium, Windsor

at Eton and the 'Varsities

L.N.A.

ALL TOGETHER!

J. F. Richardson of Trinity Hall (2nd from left) winning the 120 yards hurdles. The photograph was taken at the finals of the Inter-Collegiate competition in Division II., between Peterhouse and Trinity Hall, Cambridge

L.N.A.

UP AND AWAY!

H. J. Cohen (Trinity Hall) leaps to victory in the long jump

L.N.A.

BREAKING THE TAPE

A. J. Evans (Peterhouse) winning the mile for his College

Photo Press

GIVE WAY TOGETHER!

The Cambridge Eight photographed during a recent trial spin on the Cam

THE RUGGER WORLD

THE NOT QUITES.

By "PENDARVES"

We can't have a spectacular match between the great club sides every Saturday. There must be a few week-ends when the Rugger programme about the country seems to be lacking in interest, and when we go off to the golf course instead of to the covered stand, with our bags and our pronounced opinions.

It is on these sort of days that the NOT QUITES come into their own—or nearly so. The Not Quites are the clubs which, appearing here and there in fixture lists on the backs of programmes, are not, nevertheless, *quite* in the first class. The clubs whose names seldom, if ever, appear in brackets after the name of a player in an international side. I mean, you never see on your international programme things like "W. W. Wakefield (Ponders End)." There is no reason why, if Ponders End have got a Rugger team, they should not produce a "Wakers." But they don't. Chiefly because anyone exhibiting Wakefieldian tendencies in the back row of a scrum is beckoned away, with blandishments, to some imposing place like Twickenham for his Saturday afternoon's exercise refreshment.

But it is instructive sometimes to go and see the Not Quites play. Especially when they have got a fixture with a Blood Side. The Bloods on these occasions take liberties with their opponents: sometimes very unwisely. You will see a threequarter who has just been capped for England appearing on the programme as a full-back. His name on paper is very inspiring, but his play in this important position on the field is the very reverse. He is giving himself a quiet day, taking no risks, prior to a pending International. But he stampedes about in a position where he is almost useless.

Nearly all the rest of the names on the Bloods' side are ones you have never heard of before. Nearly all: there is a leavening of Stars: about three. It is enough. These three do most of the work, and save the Bloods from disgraceful defeat.

Now the N.Q.'s have been at immense pains all that week to rake up a strong side, and you see the First XV stockings of some of the leading Rugger schools as they emerge, with set faces, from the Pavilion. But so keen are they to snatch a victory from a weakened Blood side, thereby being able to call themselves a first-class Rugger team, that they become over-anxious, and the usual disease begins to spread amongst them from the first whistle: the disease known as "Talking."

They have all a great deal to say to each other in the way of advice and caution. All the eight forwards and the scrum-half appear to be singing a part-song, in which the words BREAK, BREAK . . . NOW . . . COMING ON THE RIGHT . . . are repeated anthem fashion. There is an under-current of other remarks of an admonitory and rattling nature which one does not quite catch from the touch-line, but which seem to be disastrous in their effect on the addressees.

Meanwhile the Bloods are keeping very quiet, as usual, and doing very little, either good or bad. There is an inertia about them. They seem to be listening, just as we are, to the monologue of the N.Q.'s, and being rather amused by it.

But being a weakened side with nothing much except their reputations to draw upon, for the first part of the game they are swept off their legs and penned rather ferociously in their own twenty-five. The N.Q.'s get tremendously excited about this. They feel their hour is really at hand. That the Sunday papers will say to-morrow, when dealing with their victory, "The Not Quites are an immensely improved team this season; one or two of their players, notably —— and ——, should go far. . . ." Consequently, by the sheer *élan* of the moment they chuck away chance after chance of getting some figures on the score-board.

That is the most disappointing feature of a Not Quite side when it is playing before a big gallery and having the time of its life. You realise then why it is not—er—Quite. Passes come out from the scrum knee-high. A three-quarter movement is set in motion. But the commendably fast wing man, burning to distinguish himself along an observant touch-line, is never allowed to have it. Some ambitious, and bullocking, centre tries to go through on his own, head down—with the usual result. The kicking seldom finds touch: more often it finds the opposing full-back.

So after about forty minutes of this mediocrity of purpose, the Bloods wake up and do a bit of quiet scoring. And eventually we depart to tea, feeling we have been rather bored. The N.Q.'s over *their* tea discuss the matter *sotto-voce*. The burden of their song is, "If only So - and - So had done such-and-such that time, you remember, we'd have had 'em . . . we really ought to have won. . . ."

But if they were to cancel one of their matches and come here as spectators on a day when all the flower of Bloodhood is paraded in an *important* game, they would in all probability depart sorrowfully, like the young man in the Bible.

Sport and General

RULERS OF THEIR FATE

The three members of the Selection Committee who were elected by ballot to choose England's team for the Australian Test Matches. The names are: A. E. R. Gilligan (left), P. F. Warner (Chairman) and P. Perrin

A BOOK, A PLAY AND A MAN OF TO-DAY

BY REGINALD ARKELL

ILLUSTRATED BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

"TWENTY-FIVE"

(*Being a young man's candid recollections of his elders and betters, by Beverley Nichols.*)

HE remembers, he remembers
Those days of callow youth,
When Inexperience chewed the cud
Of undigested Truth.
Those rare, rococo roundabouts;
Those strange, exotic swings!
The splendid joy of being thrilled
By ordinary things.

With that Divine Omnipotence
The Oxford man acquires,
He gives a kind, paternal pat
To Oxford's dreaming spires.
His own especial Promised Land,
All gold and silver hued;
"Oxford, my Oxford!" is "a theme
Eternally renewed."

On Noel Coward's genius
He dissertates with awe:
He is "The perfect emerald
Without a single flaw."
And then we get a page or two
Of Arlen's emerald hat;
Of Robey and of Regent Street
And lots of things like that.

He speaks of Mr. Bottomley
With slight ingratitude.
One must be very, very young
To be so very rude.
It needs a rather steady nerve
To drag a man from town;
To let him entertain your friends,
And kick him when he's down.

Our author is the Johnson and
The Boswell of his day.
He tells us all about himself
In quite a clever way.
He teaches us one simple truth:
"However we may strive,
We'll never feel so clever as
We did at twenty-five."

MR. CRUFT.

(*Who does not keep a dog.*)

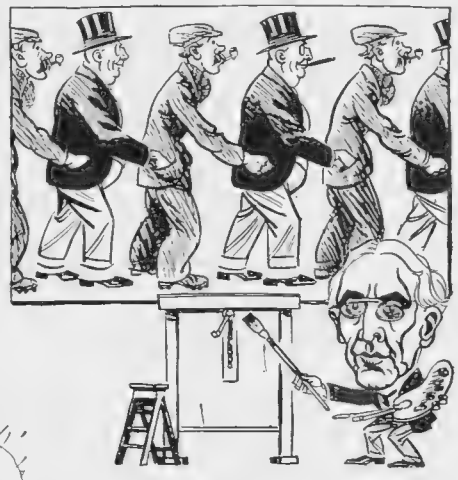
Neither do I.
I'll tell you why:

I live in a flat, South Kensington way;
I've nothing to do at the end of the day:
Nothing to do, and nowhere to go,
Except to the play or a picture show
I work, I eat and I pay my bills;
And, while I dream of the Cotswold Hills,
I'm tied by the leg to a London flat—
No dog shall share in a life like that!

"THE FORCING HOUSE."

IF you have spent a happy day
Upon the Underground,
You've noticed that the Circle trains
Keep running round and round.
And, if you've travelled far enough,
You've realised, no doubt,
The station where you first got in
Is where you last get out.

The author of "The Forcing House,"
If I divine aright,
Thinks black is never really black,
And white is never white.
He keeps us running round and round
As in a Circle train,
And we are at the same old spot
When we get out again.



We see those vile capitalists
Corrupt in every pore.
The Government that rules the land
Is rotten to the core.
So Mr. Zangwill intervenes,
As authors often do,
With idealistic Bolsheviks
Who build that world anew.

We see those artless Bolsheviks—
Corrupt in every pore.
That idealistic Government—
As rotten as before.
And I, for one, am quite convinced,
That, when the play was through,
Those vile capitalists appeared
To mould that world anew.

The author of "The Forcing House"
Is brilliantly obscure.
He sees the pimple on the nose,
He fails to find the cure.
We know that we are getting out
Just where we all got in;
"And what good came of it, at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin!

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Good News

I AM very pleased to know that all is going well with Coronach. There is not the slightest doubt that this colt was in a bad way immediately after his amazing defeat in the Middle Park Stakes. He sprang a curb, developed a high temperature, and in a very short space of time completely fell to pieces. You can imagine what the feelings of Fred Darling were at this stage. Earlier in the season Coronach had suggested that he was something very much out of the ordinary by his smashing victory in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. Everybody then thought him to be a regular champion. It was a horrid blow, therefore, to the Beckhampton trainer to find his treasure something of a wreck when he returned home after his Middle Park *débâcle*. What is more, Fred Darling had some sort of suspicion at this time that the colt made a noise. If that was true, it was good-bye to Coronach's prospects of gaining classic honours.

Clean Winded

WELL, I was down at Beckhampton a few days ago. I saw Coronach in his box and on the following morning watched him do a couple of fairly brisk canters on the Downs. Over-night he had satisfied me that he was recovering satisfactorily from his set-back of the previous autumn. Although not yet properly muscled up, he shows plenty of substance. When he was at work I listened very attentively for the slightest sign of wind trouble. I am glad to say I detected nothing to cause me to suppose that the colt is not clean-winded. He cantered past us on the rising ground, snuffling his nostrils as though he loved his work, and it was impossible not to admire the great strides with which he got over the ground. With reasonable luck Fred Darling should be able to bring about marked improvement in this colt during the ensuing six weeks. He tells me that in all probability Coronach will have his next outing at the Newmarket training meeting, where he holds two engagements.

Brighter London

I HEAR encouraging accounts of Brighter London. Hitherto this colt has been trained in Ireland, and he has run some good races over all sorts of distances. Now he is in the hands of Fred Leader at Newmarket, and I shall not be surprised if he improves on his past form in the coming season. On his running in the Cambridgeshire he is not quite so well handicapped as Coram, but he may have a stronger jockey on his back this time. I understand he is a colt who does not take a great deal of work to get into racing condition, and I think we shall find him as fit as most of his rivals on the day of the race.

Over the Fences

RACING proved lively enough last week, both at Newbury and Gatwick. Some of the incidents at those meetings threw interesting new light upon the prospects of the Grand National. At Newbury, for example, Master Billie's success in the big steeplechase shows that he will have to be reckoned with at Aintree. I selected him for his Newbury race on the strength of his good performance in the Welsh Grand National last spring. It is clear that Mr. Percy Whitaker thinks a good deal of this young horse—eventually he may even fancy him more for the Grand National than he does his stable companion, Silvo. In all that I have written on the great steeplechase I have never disguised the confidence which I feel in the likelihood of Sprig's success. The horse pleased me by his race at Newbury, and I have as much faith in him as ever. There will be some good racing at Manchester and Kempton at the end of the present week. At the former meeting **Paulinus** may win the Waterloo Steeplechase on Friday and **Spinney Hill** the Northern Hurdle Race on the second day. At Kempton Park **Misconduct** should win the Emblem Steeplechase. Next week comes the brilliant National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham.

"THE TOUT"

TED LEADER

Going to the front on "Beggar's End." He has been in wonderful riding form of late, and tops the list of winning steeplechase jockeys

Poole, Watertord

A "BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY"

Mr. Julien Cahn and Lady Petersham out with the Earl of Harrington's Hounds at Lamb Close. Mr. Cahn is one of the Joint Masters of the Craven

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Vexatious Stops

IT seems impossible to write hunting notes nowadays without mentioning foot-and-mouth trouble. Especially is this the case in the Midland district, where hunting is encountering more interference from restrictions than any other quarter of the kingdom. We are all anxious to support Government regulations, however much they may interfere with our own personal arrangements; but patience is somewhat strained by the failure of efforts made during the present season to combat the spread of the cattle trouble. Can you wonder at all the grumbling during the past few weeks concerning the repeated stoppages which have been imposed by the Ministry of Agriculture? It is being generally asked whether it is really worth while to interfere so seriously with hunting as has lately been the case. If a really good object were being served, fox-hunters would loyally accept the situation. But it is by no means certain that all this curtailment of sport is necessary in the circumstances. It is urged that the Government would achieve quite as much success in tackling the foot-and-mouth problem if they imposed much smaller prohibited zones than they have been in the habit of doing.

New M.F.H's

TWO or three countries have to be congratulated upon having found new

Poole, Watertord

BEFORE THE RUN

Lady Cecily Hardy (left), with Mrs. Bradley, whose husband, Mr. T. L. Bradley, is Master of the Rufford Hounds, photographed at a recent meet at Winkburn

L.N.A.

A MEET IN THE MIDLANDS

A photograph taken at a recent meet of the Belvoir at Hopsley, Lincolnshire. Mrs. Paynter (left) and Lady Worsley arriving at the meet

Masters for next season. This is no small achievement at a time when fox-hunting is carried on under the incessant menace of cattle disease regulations. We are always hoping that the current season will see the last of our troubles in this direction, and there are evidently plenty of men willing to take on important fox-hunting countries in spite of the disastrous results which must inevitably follow prolonged stoppages from Government restrictions. There is to be a joint Mastership in the Grove country, which has been hunted so admirably for many seasons past by Lord Fitzwilliam. Before his time Lord Galway carried on the pack with great success for a long period. Happily, that sportsman is still with us to take an extremely keen interest in the affairs of the country, and he was a prominent figure at the Hunt meeting last week. Sir Alfred Bigham and Col. Arthur ffrench-Blake were appointed joint Masters. The feeling in this Nottinghamshire country is that the future of the pack is perfectly safe in their hands.

The H. H

ANOTHER joint Mastership has been formed in the Hampshire Hunt. It will be interesting to find Mr. George Evans in harness again. He will be remembered as one of the most successful M.F.H.'s in the modern history of the H.H., and the Hunt has done well to induce him to emerge from his retirement. Of course, Mr. Evans has never actually lost touch with hunting affairs, as he has been the excellent Secretary of the Master of Foxhounds Association for some time past. He has taken over the Hampshire Hunt in partnership with Capt. J B. Scott, and I understand the arrangement is that Mr. Evans shall hunt the hounds.

Army Polo.

LAST week I wrote of the failure at Calcutta of the polo team representing the Army in India. After their extremely disappointing show in the Indian Championship it was practically certain that changes would be made in the team for the big tournaments at Delhi. Sure enough, this was done. Capt. J. P. Dening and Capt. George were brought in, the surviving members of the side being Major Atkinson and Major A. H. Williams. This made up a formidable combination, which rendered an excellent account of itself in the Prince of Wales's Tournament. They had a powerful native side against them, composed of the Maharajah of Rutlam and three players who are well known in this country, viz., Rao Rajah Hanut Singh, Col. Jogindra Singh, and Major Jasmant Singh. Playing on an Indian ground, the latter is obviously a side which must take a good deal of beating. The Army Team, however, proved equal to the job. After a tremendous struggle, they defeated the native players by 11 goals to 6 in the final. In view of this success it will be interesting to see whether the Indian Army authorities will send the victorious team to England for the coming season. Such a visiting combination would add immensely to the joys of the polo months.

L.N.A.

IN THE SHIRES

Lady Wodehouse, Lady Ancaster and the Hon. Mrs. Piers Legh, who were also at the recent meet of the Belvoir Hounds at Hopsley

THOSE MARCH HARES

By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"A duty on American divorcés"

LONDON, *March 1st.*

DEAR COUSIN—

No one's ever really properly explained to me why they talk about mad March hares and all that sort of thing. Madde Marche ones I *should* say, meseems, for that's what the apparently earliest authority on the subject, one John Skelton, to wit, called them in the 16th Cent. or thereabouts, in a nice little booklet that he named his Replycation against Certayne Yong Scolers (for their badde spelynge, I expect, what?).

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ALL the same, don't see any good or sufficient reason why they shouldn't, like quite a lot of the rest of us, be just a shade or tittle tilted off their normal mental balance (upwards, of course) just around this particular season of the year. This strange, stirring time of transition, of the March that's been christened boisterous and lionlike and many-weathers and all kinds of odd things, but always seems to bring, whatever happens, such a thrilling sort of restlessness and little soft breezes and snatches of warm sunshine that herald, as it were, the real Spring.

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A BREATH, there always seems in this mad month, an exquisite faint taste of those dear daffodils—

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty. . . .

And even when it lives right up to its name in the way of dashes of hail and spots of snow, and the kind of hurricane-y storms that blow your umbrella all to bits if you should rashly unfurl it—even then you feel always somehow that there's coming somewhere and somewhence, nearer and nearer, that golden time when—

The soft south wind,
The flower amid the grass,
The fragrant earth,
The sweet sounds everywhere,
Seems gifts too great, almost,
For man to bear.

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ALL sorts of early signs of oncoming Spring around nearly everywhere, too, already. Putting all the parks straight and in order, they are, apparently, and pouring nice fresh water into the celebrated lake in St. James's ditto, the one all the Government office people walk to and from their lunch through, you know, between twelve-ish and about four—and that even we mere ordinary persons are also allowed to traverse, too, of course, so long as we don't throw stones at the ducks, that is, or walk on the grass or sprinkle our banana skins and paper bags on the well-guarded paths.

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AND talking about Spring, there's the new Spring fashions, too, which some perhaps might call well-nigh March-hareishly mad some ways, in Paris, anyway. Where whatever you do and first and last and all the time you've simply *got* to be found wearing a cape of some sort or you might as well, not to say much better, be dead. Capes and scarves, in fact—that's the modish motto of the moment in *La Ville Lumière.* Capes long or short . . . lovely slim swaying ones with your evening frock, of georgette or *mousseline-de-soie,* or what not, but always with a rich collar of fur, the expensiver the better. Tweedy with tweeds and satiny with satin and so on. And a scarf round your neck every possible time, with ends always falling down the back. . . .

"Bolshie Boots"

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IT'S March, after all, so why not indulge in all our nice madnesses? Fearfully degenerate, we've been told yet once more, we are—by a nerve specialist this time. Who, of course, only meets the neurotic types, and besides, you know, Doctors really know almost as little about real life outside their consulting rooms as Bishops. Because they're so busy, of course, with all their wonderful work (*and* fees sometimes to match), which is, I'm sure, most awfully noble and good, but I don't quite see why they should fair *flood* us with good advice about dress and deportment, any more than *we* do *them* about germs or religion, what? And not one of those cocktails and things they're so fond of moaning about is anything like half so intoxicating, I'm sure, as just one little whiff of the mad March spirit.

"Government office people walk to and from their lunch"

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SENDS us off quite suddenly, it does, and with no possible or conceivable excuse, in quest of aforesaid latest things in the way of frocks, not to mention hats and shoes and all the minor but not in least less important appurtenances thereof. Drives us forth, too, perhaps, into an impromptu rush to the aforesaid Paris,

nued on page 502)

The BYSTANDER £500 GOLF TROPHY

TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1926

AT ADDINGTON

[Station: East Croydon S.R.]

A Silver Cup for the Winning Professional—

THE BYSTANDER CHALLENGE TROPHY VALUED AT £500

—and a similar cup to be awarded to his Lady Partner

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST.

The Competition is an Invitation Mixed Foursomes (professional partnered by a lady member of the same club) played over 36 holes (Medal Play).

Professionals to be rated at plus 4. Ladies' L.G.U. Handicap limited to 18.
Pairs to receive three-eighths of combined Handicap.

Invitations are limited to 60 pairs, and entries closed on Monday, March 1st

All matters relating to the Competition, Regulation of Handicaps, etc., will be decided by the Committee in charge of the Meeting, whose decision shall be final. A DRAW will be made for starting times

All Ties for 1st, 2nd or 3rd places, must be played off next day over 18 holes.

Invitations have been issued to 60 clubs in and around London. All Competitors will be made Honorary Members of the Club on Monday and Tuesday, March 22nd and 23rd, and on the day of the contest will be the guests for lunch and tea of "The Bystander," which will also provide caddies.

H.Q. not only of *la mode,* but of all that is latest in the way of mad March gaiety. Where still each afternoon one dances in a packed room at L'Hermitage, Champs Elysées, to the strains of innumerable tangos, or, if one perforce remains at home, puts in a little sound dancing at the Kit-Cat Club, where Frances White sings so brightly.

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Toujours a simply terrific Russian vogue on in Paris, *chère cousine*—I expect that's really and truly the origin of that delightful scare-story in one of our brightest Sunday papers the other day of a great Franco-Russian plot against England, with M. Briand and then Trotsky as villains-in-chief . . . but, of course, the Russians Paris loves are *not* the Bolshies who've committed so many atrocious atrocities, including inventing the terrible boots of that name. And thus, as someone once remarked, is history made.

卐

Invasion *we're* most obsessed, not to say troubled, about at this moment being not the Russian but the American one. And certainly *is* a little bit wearying, too, the amount of U.S. dope that seems to be being handed around just now, especially in our theatres and movies. I'm all for free trade myself, especially in silk stockings and everything else that's good, and don't even pine to put a duty on American divorcées, as some people are suggesting, just so's to pay 'em back for the way they've done it on one of our home-made Countesses. And we've got all sorts of real nice American things over here, too, that we heartily welcome, like *Is Zat So?* and Mr. Selfridge and strawberry sundaes.

"Frances White at the Kit-Cat Club"

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But this flood of Americano plays and films is, methinks, getting almost just a little beyond what we can, even with the Marchiest madness, properly endure. In fact, not sure March isn't really the suitable and appropriate time to make our little protest and revolt—for anything less kin to the spirit of March and Pan one can't somehow well imagine. So deadly efficient and utterly humourless they are, so elaborately noisy, so stentorianly empty, so expensively null. *E.g.* and for instance, that so-called new musical comedy, *Wildflower,* at the Shaftesbury, which conquered the U.S. a year or two ago and was going to devastate us but didn't—not in that way, anyway.

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

MAYONNAISE AND GOULASH BRIDGE

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

Apropos of Bolshie Bridge which was described last week, on the Continent at many clubs in Paris and elsewhere they have adopted an innovation in the form of a bid called "Bolshevik." It may be made by any player when it comes to his turn to bid. And it takes precedence over any other bid of its kind. As soon as any player declares "Bolshevik," bidding is at an end. The bid is the equivalent of misère at Solo Whist. The contractor undertakes not to make a single trick. He plays "on his own." Every man's hand is against him. His partner becomes for the time being his adversary. There is no Dummy. "Bolshevik" carries no points towards game, but the successful declarer receives 500 points above the line, or, if doubled, 1000 points above the line from each of his opponents who have doubled. Should he fail in the contract he loses at the rate of 500 points a trick, or, if doubled, 1000 points to each of his opponents who have doubled. Any or all of the adversaries may double in turn, but only those who have doubled receive the extra bonus.

The scores for the "Bolshevik" declaration are kept separately, as they do not count towards the rubber, the successful declarer scoring no points below the line.

This adds a new liveliness and interest to the game. To succeed in a "Bolshevik" declaration against three good players demands a high degree of skill. The most promising-looking misère hands can be defeated by good team-work.

. . . . . .

In the United States there is a regular epidemic of Bridge fads and freak bidding. Grafted upon the game is the playing of Slams and the devices known as "Mayonnaise" (also called "Hollandaise") and "Goulash." A player who bids for a Slam and makes it is entitled to a much larger bonus than the 50 or 100 allowed by the laws. In some cases the Slam players allow bonuses of 500 and 1000; in others 1000 and 2000 respectively.

"What," you may ask, "is Mayonnaise?"

It is just this. Should the four players pass, and the deal therefore not be played, the hands of the four players, sorted but unshuffled, are placed on top of each other and are then dealt unshuffled in two batches of five and one of three to each player. This, of course, produces abnormal and freakish hands, with suits of unusual length.

The "Goulash" provides that unless a game be bid for (*i.e.*, unless the final bid be three or more No-Trumps, four or more of a major suit, or five or more of a minor suit), the hand is treated as if all four players had passed their opportunity to bid, and a Mayonnaise with Slams follows. In other words, "Goulash" is Slams with Mayonnaise dressing.

. . . . . .

Needless to say, I do not recommend these innovations except as an after-dinner "rag" amongst friends. A serious effort is being made in the United States to stamp them out.

As the *Auction Bridge Bulletin* of New York says, the effect of the innovation is to relegate skill and science to a subordinate position and to substitute a game which is almost "an unadulterated gamble." (I should call it a very much adulterated gamble.) "And," it continues in its own expressive Americanese, "we hope that all true lovers of the game will receive this abortive innovation with the same degree of cordiality they would bestow upon a wood pussy at a lawn fête, and, by helping to localise the infection, expedite its obliteration."

I am dying to know what is a "wood pussy at a lawn fête." But, anyhow, I am sure the sentiment is correct.

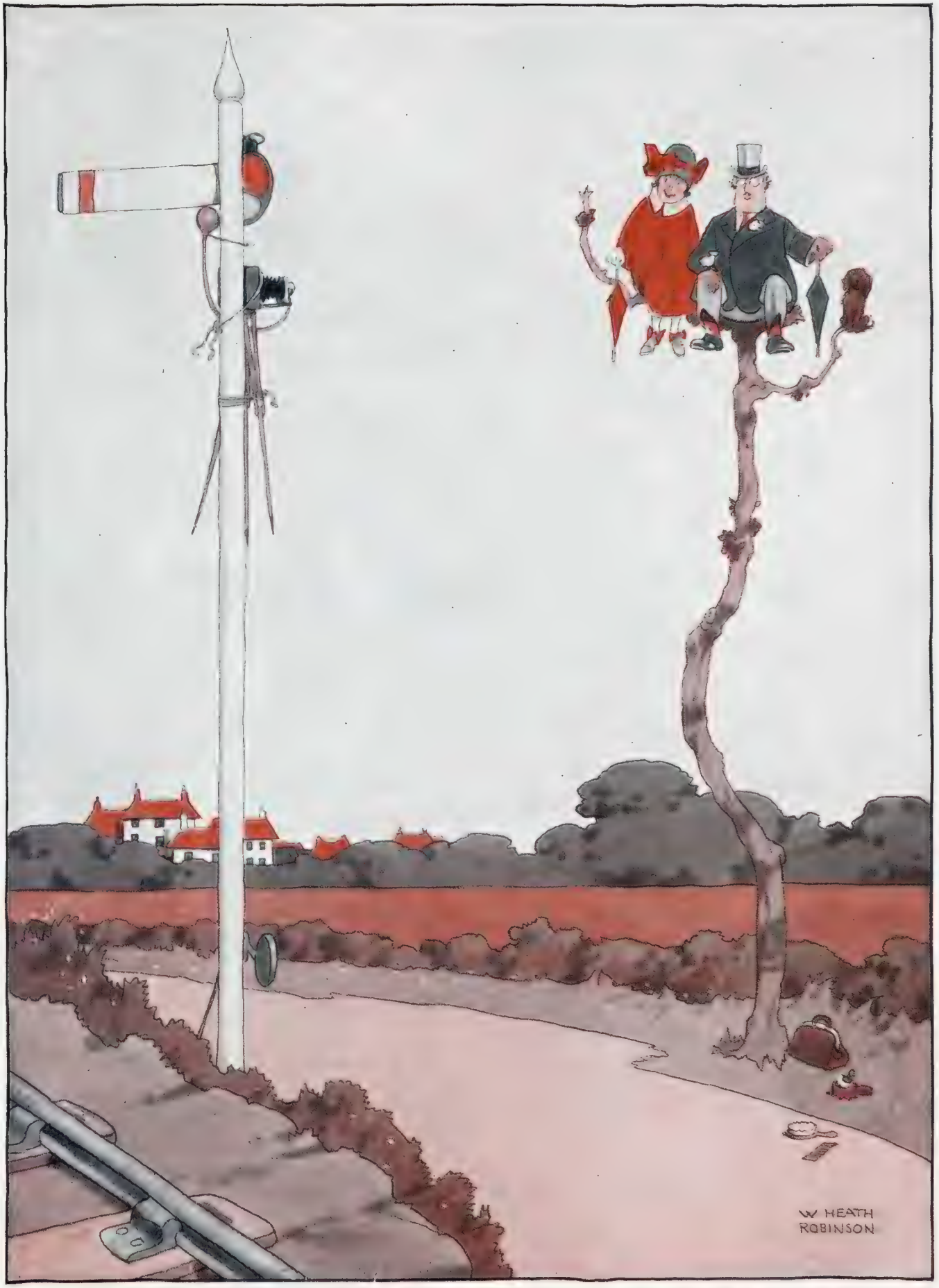
. . . . . .

Here is a freak hand sent by a Norfolk reader:—

"Score: Game all. Z dealt, and held Spades, A, J, 10, 7, 3, 2; Hearts, None; Diamonds, K, Q, J, 10, 8, 5, 4; Clubs, None. What should be his original bid, and how should he proceed if Hearts are called against him?"

The "trap" about this hand is whether to show the Spade suit. If so, it must be done initially, and the opening bid should be "One Spade," not more. But my own view is that the hand must be played in Diamonds, not in Spades, as the Diamond suit will stand forcing and the Spades will not. Therefore, it is better to go all out for game in Diamonds and bid "Five Diamonds" straight away.

A "Signal" Invention



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

INTELLIGENT METHOD OF OVERCOMING THE DIFFICULTIES OF TAKING ONE'S OWN PHOTOGRAPH

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"It was found too big a strain"

Mes Amis—

There was a period when one obtained quite a strong impression that the French had at last appreciated the value of time. Some of the young *après-guerre* men who had gone into commerce bustled about according to the best principles of push and go, and introduced such startling innovations as cutting their losses and cutting them quickly. One began to feel there was real hope for them in the world's commercial competition.

But this new-found fervour for hustle has almost faded out. Possibly it was found too big a strain. Or it may have been that the innovators sorrowfully realised that they wasted so much effort in trying to get the movement generalised that they were unable to get on at all with their own affairs. Whatever the reason, we have returned to the state where there are a thousand individuals occupied in wasting your time to one who is willing, and able, to save it.

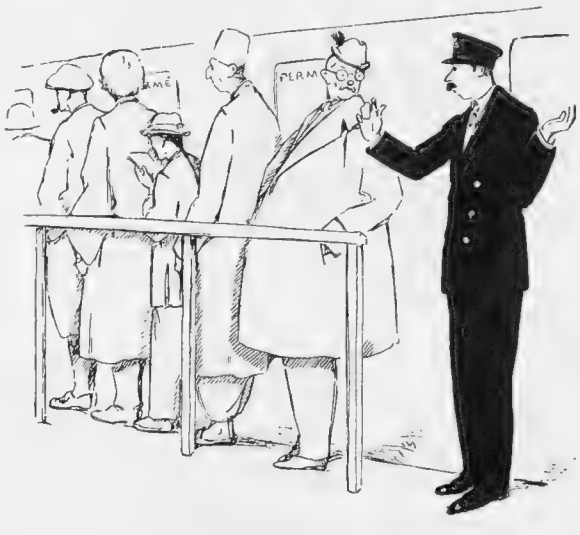
I really do not think it would be an exaggeration to say that the income of France might be increased by about ten per cent. if all French people would set about trying to save one another's time, instead of heaping up obstacles in one another's way which are bound to result in wasting it. Leaving out of account, because it is quite hopeless, the Chamber of Deputies, where the Deputies have been one hundred per cent. active for months in squandering the time of the Government, although the Government is in the sorest straits for revenue, I have not found a single large establishment, including public offices, where the men who ought to be in possession of information could tell you what you wanted to know, or even indicate the man who would know.

The only form of knowledge with which they are replete concerns the minor, and entirely inconsequential, regulations with which you have not conformed and which, they insist, necessitate your going away and coming again. In this they are peerless. They like to deal with you at twice, or even at thrice, entirely without concern for the fact that if they dealt with you at once there would be only half as much work for themselves.

One of my most recent experiences was at the Prefecture of Police. The new system of collecting a few million francs by compelling the renewal of the identity cards of foreigners has now come into operation and, as I forecast—and was criticised for forecasting by a French representative in London—it costs you far more in time than in fees. The foreigner who can get through this ordeal without sacrificing two full days is lucky. Most English people would save money if they could pay three times the amount of fees and have the operation put through by post. I wonder how many people could state off-hand the exact date of their father's birth and the place, which is the sort of absolutely indispensable information required on the spot.

Should you be unaware of this you can knock another day off your regular working week, for it means another visit. And you only win the chance of sitting for your examination in genealogy after standing in a queue for the best part of one day. If, after standing in a solid mass of applicants, ten persons wide, from nine o'clock, you arrive at the head by eleven, you will be sent away and told to come again at two, this interval being necessary to clear off arrears. But the most astounding feat I witnessed while, fortunately, being only a spectator, was the turning round of a queue, so that the folk who had come last became the head and the first-comers the tail. I'll offer a magnum to anyone who could explain this.

"Told to come again"



"The turning round of a queue"

The nearest thing to it that I have come across was the experience of a friend who went up for his motor-driving test. You know that in France you cannot obtain a licence to drive a car until you have proved to the satisfaction of an official that you possess the capacity to drive. Generally, the test consists of driving in a fairly busy quarter, then turning round in a narrow street, which involves working on the reverse gear once, and probably twice, and, as an additional trap to the beginner, it

OLD CRAFT SERIES No. 21

THATCHING is almost as old as house-building. There are traces of it in the most primitive dwellings of all countries in which thatching materials abound. It was the roofing employed by the ancient inhabitants of the Himalaya valleys, by lake-dwellers of Britain, and is to-day the fashion for native African huts.

Evidences of circular thatched huts were discovered in the remains of a marsh village near Glastonbury, which is believed to have existed from 200 B.C. to the Roman occupation. Thatched cottages and farmhouses, erected several centuries ago, now stand in Lancashire, Yorkshire and Devonshire, and the craft remains active in many parts of England.

Pride of Production is the Stimulus of True Craftsmanship —hence the Superiority of "Johnnie Walker."

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is frequently a steep street that is selected.

WELL, my friend was getting along very nicely till, as he was looking over his shoulder to make sure he would hit nothing while backing, the examiner quietly leaned forward and turned off the petrol tap. In a minute or two the car stopped and the candidate, ordered to restart it, naturally failed to do so, having no reason to suspect that the petrol supply had been shut off. He was refused the licence, being described as a probable danger to traffic. As schoolboy pranks, or as part of the "evidence" in a mock trial, such performances would have their place, but as serious action on the part of responsible officials they leave one *rêveur*.

THIS time-wasting idea has even had a social development, and those responsible consider themselves most awfully "original." They meet at eight for dinner and go to the house of the first, say at the remotest end of Passy, where they eat oysters. Then they move to the house of the second, by the Etoile, for lobster. For the next course, *poulet cocotte*, there is a trip across the river to the third abode at Montparnasse. The *foie gras* and the *salade* are taken after a ride to the Champ de Mars. Number five, who lives on the Plaine Monceau, serves the

"That's where they sell them"

entremets, and the tourists have to double back to the Batignolles quarter for the fruits *chez* number six. The seventh is appropriately established at Montmartre for the provision of the coffee and liqueurs, but after this there is nearly an hour's journey on the St. Germain road to Bougival, where the eighth host meets the account for champagne and jazz-band at one of the booming riverside restaurants. As a method of making a task of what should be a pleasant meal, this is the nearest thing to perfection.

THE British colony in Paris has at last begun to realise its own importance. After being vividly impressed by the sense of our commercial value, as illustrated by the fact that we now have four British grocery stores, where we can get Wiltshire bacon, Cambridge sausages, Bath chaps, Pontefract cakes, and other such patriotic necessities, it has now been appreciated that we contain material for monthly record in the form of a British colony magazine. Its enterprising publishers are to be congratulated on their first number, which has one of the best columns of "French-pitfalls" stories ever collected. Take warning from the newly-arrived nursemaid who, having got as far as the Champs Elysées, asked for the Bois de Boulogne. "What?" said the more linguistically advanced nursemaid to whom the question had been put. "Bois de Boulogne," repeated the first, even more hesitantly. "Oh, boys' balloons. Just a bit higher up, that's where they sell them." RENÉ.

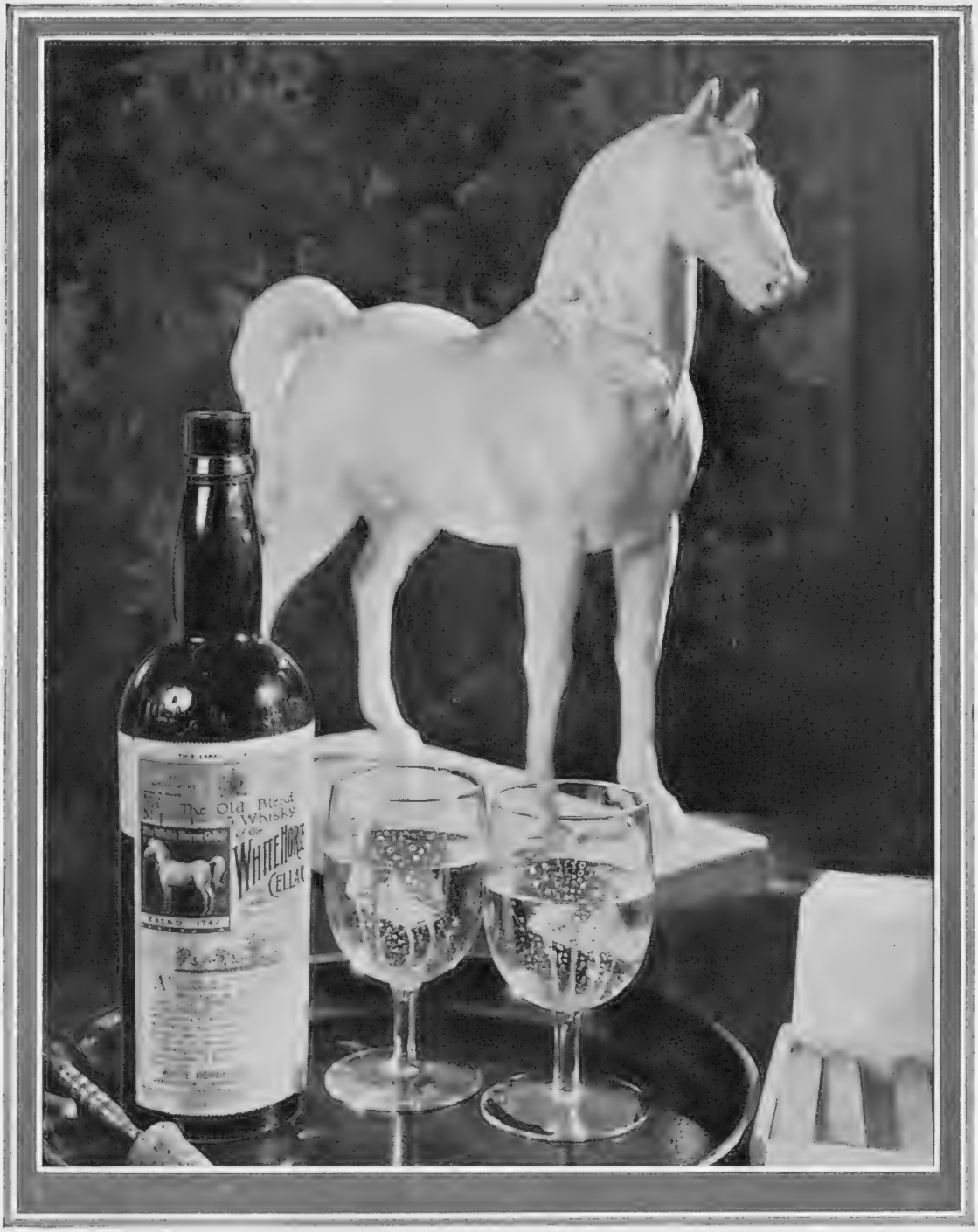
SPORT ON THE RIVIERA

LIKE Oliver Twist, the public on the Riviera, with their appetites whetted by the thrills of the Lenglen-Wills match, are asking for more. They want to know whether these two will meet again out here before the end of the season, and, if so, where. The correct answer to this question is that they will meet at the Nice Tournament, which begins on March 8, or not at all. Mlle. Lenglen, it is understood, will there defend the championship of the South of France, which she holds, and for which Miss Wills will probably be a candidate; but this is the only tournament at which the champion will play in Singles, and there is always the question whether, when the time comes, she will feel fit enough to stand the strain of a second encounter with Miss Wills.

I AM quite sure that Suzanne's great bogey—especially on the Riviera—is that she is only extended about once in a blue moon. I am aware that she practises with men, but that is not quite the same thing; in actual tournament play she wins love sets (mostly in Doubles) from defenceless victims day after day, until she gets *out of the habit* of exerting herself and of playing her best. You cannot play your best when there is nothing to play against. Thus when she comes up against a player of real strength, like Miss Wills, she is almost out of her element. I can imagine no worse preparation for what she was up against on February 16 than the sort of thing she had been doing for the past two or three weeks. She has not exerted herself so much for ever so long, and there was nothing surprising in her being practically played out at the finish. It is also probable that she did not expect to find Miss Wills as formidable as she proved to be, and was therefore rather caught napping. This will not happen next time; but, if there is to be a next time, she will need to be in better training in order to face Miss Wills with real confidence.

AS soon as ever the weather began, about a fortnight ago, to get back to its normal settled condition, golfers all up and down the Riviera became extra busy, for on many courses there was a formidable list of arrears to be made up. The competition for the Royalty Cup at Mont Agel, for instance, was postponed three times. It was eventually won by Mr. F. A. Jackson, a regular visitor to Monte Carlo, who with his sister-in-law, Miss M. A. Wright, was the first winner of the Challenge Cup presented for competition over this course by THE BYSTANDER four years ago, and only lost it in the second year after a tie. The fourth competition for this trophy, by the way, was due to be held last week, but not early enough to enable me to record the result in this issue. Mr. Jackson's winning Royalty Cup score was 79—6=73; Captain Powell, of Cap Ferrat, was second. The ladies' bogey competition for the Princess of Monaco's prizes was won by Mrs. Knight (3), with Mrs. Ames (17) second. The latter had previously won Mr. Poole's prize for ladies with a handicap of 14 or over. In the corresponding men's competition Dr. Vickers (14) and Mr. Sherwood (16) tied for first place, although they could get no nearer to bogey than four down. At Hyères there were fifty-seven entries for the bogey competition; it was won by Mr. C. A. Cuthbert (5), who finished one up. Sir David Dalrymple was fourth, and General R. M. Poore was a few places lower.

LAST week was a great week with the polo players, who can now muster in such force at Mandelieu that it is no uncommon thing to find as many as thirty names on the list for members' games. Four teams competed for the Prix de la Croisette: the Tigers, Major P. Magor's team, Roehampton, and the Harlequins. The two first-named sides met first, and Major Magor's four, consisting of Messrs. A. Philippi, J. Pickersgill, G. J. R. Tomkin and himself, rode off the winners by $5\frac{1}{2}$ goals to 1. The Tigers were Count J. de Madre, Captain E. W. Palmes, Colonel Mathew Lannowe, and Baron de Bonstetten. H. S. S.



At the Sign of the "White Horse"

That delicate heather "tang" you get in White Horse Whisky is a secret in White Horse distilling. There's no other Whisky has it. It's nature's secret really. White Horse Distillers discovered this years ago, and it's just this subtle heather flavour which the real Whisky connoisseur appreciates all the world over. Remember wherever you buy White Horse Whisky it's just the same grand old Whisky made by the largest *independent* Whisky firm in Scotland, from the original recipe of 1746

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Femina

GREEN SPRINGS ETERNAL

By "CANDIDA"

SOME people are very learned about colours. In the yellow of the "primrose by the river's brim" they see . . . goodness, what don't they see? When a colour enthusiast begins to unfold his theories, and what he's done with them, and what they're going to do for him, and, incidentally, for humanity, then you may safely think out your own little problem, and he'll never notice your lack of interest Only, don't ever hazard that you like pink for its own sake, quite apart from its "psychic significance," or its "beneficial influence," or its "joyful vibrations," or something complicated like that. Out of a mass of some such uncalled-for information I gathered this: A healthy person likes his colours healthily bright, and a decadent one prefers them dull and sickly—which may, or may not, be true. Some of the blatant blues, acid greens, and shameless reds, which we couldn't live without a year or two ago, certainly did take it out of one.

"PASTEL colourings," says the fashion expert, "will be as popular as ever," and it's easy to see that he's right. Hence, if there's anything in theories, we're badly decadent, and have managed to tumble down the road to ruin in less than two short years. A very little time ago we still admired healthy colour screams, and the more they shrieked, the better we liked them. And now? The sadder, dismaller, more washed-out and morning-after-the-party-fied the shade may be, the more it's enthusiastically proclaimed as the last word in colour harmonies. But I don't notice any alarming deterioration in our manners and morals in the last two years; not any that are visible to the naked eye, anyway. Green, to my mind, is the most amiable of colours. It may be gay, or sombre, hopeful, or despairing, according to the amount of pigment which the dyer people put into it. Its special time of blooming is the spring; not that March is the spring exactly, though the grass was never greener, and there is a faint greyish-green shimmer on a few optimistic trees which will mistake the first warm afternoon for the real thing in "blessed seasons."

IN sympathy with the long-awaited burst of spring the shops of the best people are clothed in green. "The latest from Paris," says the shop assistant with pride, as if this was an unheard-of thing in new departures; as if every spring did not repeat the miracle of green leaves and green frocks. But the fashion experts always cultivate a bad memory. That's how they manage to pass off with a clear conscience any venerable antique of the day before yesterday as the daring novelty of the day after to-morrow. Green, the green of the first leaf, is always the *dernier cri* in spring, just as the brown of the falling one comes out punctually every autumn, which isn't really very surprising, since it was a leaf that first gave Eve the tremendous idea, the idea they're still industriously improving upon in Paris.

BUT the idea, though it seems simple and straightforward, is really very complex, according to one of those able gentlemen whose job in life it is to dig out the obscure reason for things. "The dress instinct," that's what he calls the—the activity which makes the world such an amusing place to live in, "has nothing to do with the demands of the climate, or those of modesty." I'm glad he sees some of that virtue somewhere; most of his kind don't. "It's an attempt to express beauty. According to Freud" . . . No; on second thoughts we won't drag in Freud. It's bad enough to discover the superficially obscure reasons for the simple things of everyday life; the fundamentally obscure ones are such fearsome, sleeping dogs that it's best not to disturb them. I gather that men and women subconsciously cherish a vision of what it would be nice to look like, and then dress up to the part. Anything, apparently, to hide the nakedness and ugliness of the land. They're "built up" by means of their clothes, as Pirandello says somewhere *à propos* of souls, and it takes less brains and effort to construct a figure than a character.

SO we're busy "building" up on the green theme. Hope, always clad in green, springs eternal, as everybody knows, and does it more especially in spring. March is the dressmaker's spring, which always anticipates real events by a month or so. Therefore, we're swamped with green hats, green frocks, and green coats in all the best *salons* and even the worst little shops. But it's odd that the people who try to sell them to us never seem to remember the prejudice against green which lingers and dies hard, if it dies at all. In every summer sale there are rows of green frocks and things which never found a buyer, and continue unbought in spite of "drastic reductions." There are lots of people who avoid green as they would the plague. In some families one talks in a shocked sort of voice of how a green frock worn at a party was followed by the funeral of an uncle, or somebody; as if most of us didn't have uncles who, whether we wore green frocks or not, all came in for a funeral in the fulness of time.

ALL the same, I would like to know how the idea first took root and flourished, and why it still goes on flourishing? No one knows, least of all the believers. At best they quote facts, not reasons. I can only conjecture that the bad luck of the first green dress dates back to that leaf episode in the Garden of Eden, and to that first unlucky apple, which was probably a green one Obviously we've never lived down the consequences.

THE best way of evading the point is not to mention green *à propos* of a frock. If you can't call it frankly "aquamarine" or "peacock," you can still camouflage with jade, which, I notice, doesn't share in the general disgrace, though its greenness shouts at you from afar. Or you can juggle with *vert antique*, or *vert-de-gris*, with *émeraude* or malachite, with *vert-pousse*, or *vert*-anything you like. French is such a help on these occasions, and anything is better, I notice, than to be left with a lot of green frocks on one's hands at the end of the season.

CANLIDA.

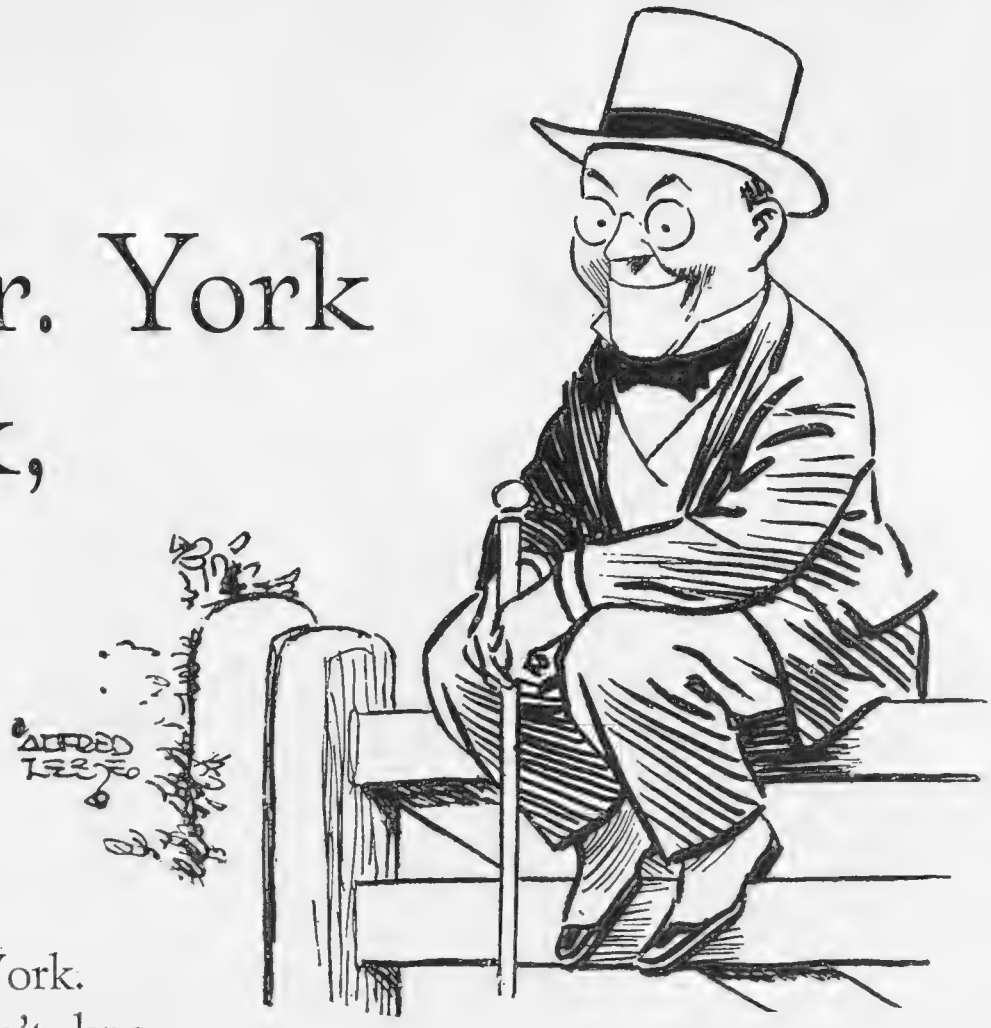
Claude Harris

MISS MARY MAYFREN

Who has scored so large and well-merited a success as "Mrs. Maunders" in "All the King's Horses," the new comedy at the Globe Theatre. Her portrayal of the none-too-respectable reminder of a bachelor past is one of the best pieces of acting in the play

A WRITER in an evening paper declares that women's dresses are laughable. And they will continue to be so as long as brevity is the soul of wit.

I'm Plain Mr. York of York, Yorks



—and I'm proud of York. Take chocolate. I don't know *how* many improvements in chocolate have been due to that great York firm—Rowntree's.

They are always bringing out something new and better—and their latest is a really splendid eating chocolate. It's just because I'm sure you'll like it that I want to introduce you to my namesake—Rowntree's Plain York. It's real sterling chocolate, easy to break, thick enough to bite on, yet smooth and melting.

Slip a cake in your pocket when you're out for a long walk or motor drive. Plain York will turn a biscuit into a meal, and you can eat quite a lot without increasing your thirst.

Just mention my name to the girl at the shop. Say "Plain York"—she'll know what you mean.

ROWNTREE'S

PLAIN YORK

CHOCOLATE

In 6d. cakes, also ½ lb. 1/-, 1 lb. 2/-, and in 3d., 6d. and 1/- "Nap" Packets and 2d. Bars.

A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

I CANNOT help thinking that if the late Col. Hugh Sinclair was right in describing his career as that of an "ordinary soldier," the ordinary soldier has a better time than most of us. His adventurous story is told in *Camp and Society* (Chapman and Hall, 18*s.* net)—an admirable title, by the way—and it reads remarkably well. Things were always happening to him, whether he was contending with factious civilians in out-of-the-way places, or on active service, or at home amongst a host of relations and friends. One looks on him, indeed, as a typical specimen of the "happy warrior."

Who else, for instance, could have hoped to befriend a not-too-prosperous Greek trader in Cyprus, to recognise the man long years afterwards as Sir Basil Zaharoff? Who else, too, would have to explain to Queen Victoria that Greek Archbishops on being presented must not be expected to kiss her Majesty's hand? Col. Sinclair's book is an engaging piece of work. It takes you back to the days when Maria Lady Aylesbury and "the Baroness"—both friends of his—were the reigning great ladies, when Gladstone might not be contradicted at his own table, in office or out, and when a certain H. H. Kitchener was doing good work somewhere in Egypt. It is a happy record of what must have been a full and very happy life.

ON laying down the last volume of *Pepys's Diary*—and I take it for granted that you have read the Wheatley edition, which is the only one to give you in full what he actually wrote down in those podgy notebooks of his—you cannot help wishing that one of our modern oculists had been alive at the time. If only the *Diary* could have been carried on until the end of the century! But it was not to be, and of the later life of the diarist only the more official side is known in any detail.

It has long been known, however, that a collection of letters and documents concerning the great man was in the possession of the Pepys Cockerell family. Lord Braybrooke, indeed, made use of it in his edition of the *Diary*. Unfortunately, in his day an editor does not seem always to have been too scrupulous in his methods, and it has been left to Dr. J. R. Tanner, the author of a delightful little book on Pepys published last year, to give us in full the *Private Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers of Samuel Pepys*, 1679-1703 (Bell, 2 vols., 36*s.* net).

It is possible that those who know Pepys only from his *Diary* may be prepared for a sort of sequel, but although this correspondence is full of the most delightful entertainment and in some places of great historical interest, it is not the *Diary*. Very naturally not. As a letter-writer, as an Admiralty official, as a member of polite society, Pepys was as "correct" as he would have wanted people to think him. And yet it is the same Pepys who appears in this correspondence—the man of untiring curiosity, the punctilious civil servant, the staunch friend, the virtuoso.

So we come across amusingly mathematical letters to and from Isaac Newton, a whole correspondence with his nephew while on the Grand Tour, memoranda for his own guidance at home, learned dissertations sent to and received from John Evelyn, and not seldom some allusion to those troublesome complaints of his with which the *Diary* is so freely besprinkled. Not an admirer of Pepys but will be delighted to possess this collection, which in its own way does so much to illustrate the character of the man of all others who was at such pains to illustrate it himself.

I OFTEN wonder what it is that gives to stories of the stage their particular charm. You need not be a keen theatre-goer to enjoy them. The truth is, I suppose, that the glamour of the stage sticks to its great ones, whether they be inside the theatre or without. And it is a fact that celebrated players do generally possess personalities which are either extremely engaging or piquantly unusual.

If you read, for instance, Mrs. Comyns-Carr's *Reminiscences* (Hutchinson: 21*s.* net), you will meet all sorts of interesting folk, but with possible exceptions in the cases of Barrie and Sargent it is the theatrical celebrities (and after all Barrie might legitimately be included amongst them) who, I fancy, will best please you. One never seems to tire of new stories about Irving or Tree; one delights to be given fresh glimpses of Dame Ellen or "Johnny" Hare or Waller.

Mrs. Comyns-Carr, of course, has met "everybody" in her time, and her recollections are most entertaining. Her enthusiasm for friendship and a retentive memory enable her to produce a review of old times which is both witty and endearing. You feel that you would give much to have belonged to her circle and to have met in so intimate a way all these men and women who did things. Incidentally, the book is enriched by a series of hitherto unreproduced portraits by Sargent.

THE lady who writes as E. Barrington has had a great vogue in America, and seems likely to repeat her success in this country. Her method is to take some outstanding figure in history, whose life-story is more than usually romantic, and to re-write that story, or part of it, as fiction. It is a method which has much to recommend it, but one not without its disadvantages. I have no doubt whatever that the reading public likes nothing better than what is called "a great love-story," but with real people for your heroes and heroines, it must be very easy to give greater prominence to their love affairs than is meet.

In *Glorious Apollo* (Harrap: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), for instance, E. Barrington gives you a story of Byron's life which, supported as it is by authentic letters and documents, may contain nothing that is not sufficiently accurate, yet the picture of the poet which you obtain is almost startlingly one-sided.

Everybody knows that Byron was always having "these affairs," and the unhappy story of his marriage has been retold times without number. In this book you are shown only his weaker side: the lover, yes, but not the genius. I suppose it all makes up an interesting story, but to anybody who knows his Byron, the book, I fear, will be rather a disappointment.

Athole Murray

A SPORTING FOURSOME

Three business-like young lugers at Villars, in Switzerland, take a temporary rest from the serious business of the day and indulge in a little light refreshment. It is not altogether surprising that the biggest appears to have the lion's share of the prize!

FREE 10-Day Tube *Mail Coupon*

To Whiten dull teeth

A new way, based on advanced scientific principles, that lightens cloudy teeth; that restores off-colour teeth to charming clearness

IF you want whiter teeth, please make this remarkable test. It will prove your teeth are not naturally "off-colour" or dull.

It will give them clear and beautiful whiteness. It will firm your gums to a healthy colour.

Just mail the coupon and a 10-day supply will be sent you.

You are hiding your teeth with a film coat . . that is all

Dental science now tells us that most tooth troubles have a potential origin in a film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it . . . a slippery, viscous coating.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays.

Mere brushing won't do

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully.

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this method.

It removes that film
And Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.

1962

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube to **Pepsodent**

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice

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Name .....

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Give full address. Write plainly. Only one tube to a family. *Bystander*, 3/3/26

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"I wear my Ciro Pearls at the same time as my real pearls, and they have the same charm to the eye. No woman need fear that her Ciro Pearls will be distinguished from real Oriental gems."

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What Miss Zena Dare thinks of Ciro Pearls is endorsed by all who possess these perfect replicas of the real. From every corner of the globe we are constantly receiving similar expressions of delight and satisfaction. You too, would be equally charmed with Ciro Pearls, for no other gems lend the same subtle distinction to their wearers.

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On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a Ciro Pearl Necklet 16 in. long, with gold clasp, in case. Wear for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If you can detect any difference, return to us and we will refund your money in full.

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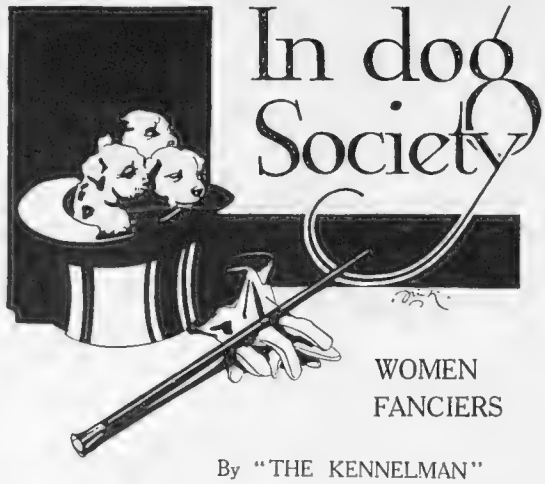


In dog Society

WOMEN FANCIERS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE Fancy has played up generously to the aims of the Middlesex Hospital Championship Dog Show, which opens at the Crystal Palace to-day (Wednesday), and concludes to-morrow. It's now up to the general public to see that their efforts are made fruitful as can be. By flocking to the Palace in their thousands they'll be doing good work for the Middlesex (whose research activities alone make the cause a good one) and availing themselves of a finely organised opportunity to study a collection of the best Dogs in the Kingdom. The Irish Kennel Club's Show on the 17th of this month looks like being the biggest doggy event known in the Emerald Isle for some time past. This year's Ladies' Kennel Club Show will be staged at Olympia in May, a week before the big open Show at Bath. The Irish Wolfhound Club will hold its own Show in conjunction with that of the Ladies' K.C.; so the Olympia event will be specially rich in attractions. The post-War years have brought an increase of hundreds per cent in women's doggy activities; and in a business sense—on the dealing side—as well as in breeding, exhibiting, training, doctoring, and nursing, they are well in the van of British dogdom to-day, and pushing ahead all the time.

Speaking of which, some of the keenest women fanciers are backing "The Kennelman's" recent suggestion that the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons ought to be induced (with the Kennel Club's help) to institute a special and separate degree for Canine Surgery. Dogdom would benefit notably by one's being able to learn at a glance just who among veterinary surgeons are qualified canine specialists and who are not. A Dog populace that has increased to between three and four millions, with sixty thousand registrations a year of pedigree Dogs, clearly justifies the official establishment of a C.S. (Canine Specialist) degree. It's overdue. Meanwhile, there's no better training for women than kennel-maid's work (either as pupil or employee—a genuinely working job, anyhow) in big mixed kennels and in the establishments of veterinary surgeons known to have a large canine practice. The demand for qualified women Dog-nurses is a brisk one.

Writing from Bordighera, "Ancient" says:—"Some of the Bystanders who enjoy your Notes may be interested to learn that at the first English Dog Show—it was at Newcastle in 1859—the number of entries was sixty. And at Cruft's this year it was nine thousand! In the years since the War there has been no such fine progress in any other quarter as in the doggy world. It seems silly, by the way, that so many writers in the newspapers continue to mislead their readers by giving the number of entries in Shows as being the number of Dogs exhibited. The figures are impressive enough without any such fanciful stretching as all that. It is, of course, a common thing for one Dog to be entered three or four times over in different classes. The Agricultural Hall is a good-sized kennel, but nine thousand Dogs! Why, if half that number was benched, there would be mighty little room for Bystanders."

In Yorkshire the other day a gentleman was fined for not having his Dog under control at night. For years he had helped the Ministry of Agriculture to make its various regulations, he said; but yet was ignorant, as he believed most people were, of the control law under which he was fined. H'm! But there's the common sense of it. That "proper control" is an elementary duty for every Dog-owner; one that it's very unsporting to neglect.

HENRY HEATH LTD
105·107·109·OXFORD ST.,W.

BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT

"THE SHANTIE"

An original note in tam o'shanters. Made of finest quality fur-felt, its charm lies in its delightful adaptability. Ideal for sports and general wear. In all the new colourings .. **30/-**

Stocked in small sizes for shingled heads.

"SEVIGNÉ" (5034)

This hat of finest quality fur-felt has a particularly graceful line, and the brim, cut at the side back, is turned up with a fold of the same petersham which encircles the crown. In all the season's colours .. **30/-**

Write for name and address of Nearest Agent.

Look inside the Hat for the Registered Trade Mark.

A selection of Hats will be sent on approval.

OVER 100 YEARS OF HAT MAKING

Westminster

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Cork-Tipped

OR PLAIN

are the last word in delicacy and delightfulness of aroma and flavour.

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

20 for 1/-

ALSO IN 50's & 100's

W.R. 24.

10 for 6D.

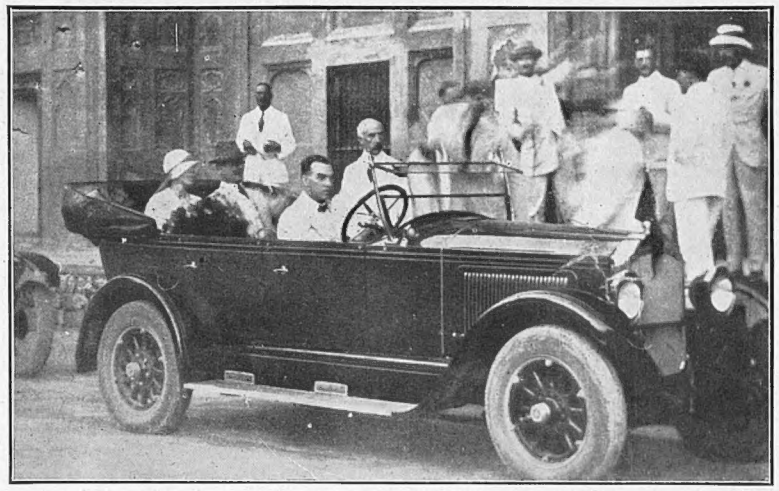
ALSO IN 50's & 100's

MOTOR NOTES

THE new Citroën works at Slough, Bucks, is a most impressive erection. I am told that there are 500,000 square feet of covered workshops. If these figures do not convey an adequate idea of the size, I may say that it is far more convenient to go round the works by car than on foot. The latest systems of assembly are used, including the chain track. In the chassis assembling section the car starts as a bare frame. This gradually creeps along past squads of workmen, each of which attaches rapidly and efficiently such components as the front and rear axles, the engine unit, the propeller shaft, etc., until the complete chassis rolls off the track at the other end on its own wheels.

***

MEANWHILE the all-steel bodies have been creeping along a similar track—panels, upholstery, and trimming being fitted. After painting and varnishing they are ready to be wedded to the chassis, and the complete car then goes out on its road test. The latest systems of spray painting and flow varnishing are employed, and thus every operation is carried out at great speed. M. André Citroën aims at an output of 200 cars a day. In this, the first year of the factory's working, only 1,500 cars will be turned out, but arrangements have been made to produce 30,000 next year and 60,000 in 1928. The new Citroën models are very attractive. They now have four-wheel brakes, half-elliptic springing at the front, and all-steel coachwork, while their selling prices have been reduced.



A ROYAL CAR

The King and Queen of the Belgians in the Willys Knight "Six" Touring Car which they used when they recently visited Delhi

***

THIS is the second week of special offers by Henlys, Ltd., of Great Portland Street, the well-known vendors of Alvis and Swift cars. Until the end of this week, £50 is allowed off their present second-hand list price of every shop-soiled or second-hand Alvis and Swift. Off the list price of all other used cars in stock 10 per cent. will be allowed, while special allowances will be made for every car tendered in part-exchange for a new Alvis or Swift.

***

THE Automobile Association have just introduced a new scheme which will still further simplify motor touring in Europe. A motorist taking his car abroad is now able to effect a special insurance guarantee to cover the greater portion of his liability in connection with customs duty on his vehicle, in lieu of a deposit in cash or a banker's indemnity. This innovation overcomes the difficulty hitherto experienced by tourists in providing the large amounts in cash or the banker's indemnities which the A.A. must hold in connection with the temporary importation of touring cars into foreign countries under cover of triptyques and carnets.

***

A COMPLETE reorganisation of the finances of A. Harper, Sons and Bean, Ltd., of Dudley, manufacturers of the Bean car,

(*Continued on page 516*)

Don't choose from Catalogues—

See the Cars here!

It's a real advantage to be able to examine all the principal makes under one roof and from this variety select the car best fitted to your requirements. You can do this to your satisfaction at either of our Showrooms, and we can supply most of the leading makes on Deferred Payments spread over a period up to *three years*.. Get your car for Easter, NOW !

LONDON'S LARGEST CAR DEALERS

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Palos to Buenos Aires

(6,000 MILES BY AIR) —*on K·L·G PLUGS*

COMMANDANTE FRANCO, who has completed his wonderful Transatlantic flight from Spain to South America, is but another of the many famous Airmen who pin their faith to the efficiency and reliability of K·L·G's.

K·L·G's have now been used on no less than four Atlantic Flights—on the Ross-Smith Flight to Australia—the Cobham Flight to India—by the Marchese de Pinedo who recently accomplished the world's longest flight of 30,000 miles—by the Court Treatt "Cape to Cairo" Expedition. In fact, whenever and wherever efficiency and reliability are of paramount importance always you will find K·L·G's selected.

For consistent efficient reliable service fit K·L·G Sparking Plugs.

Fit the right type—your Garage will advise you.

"Fit and Forget"

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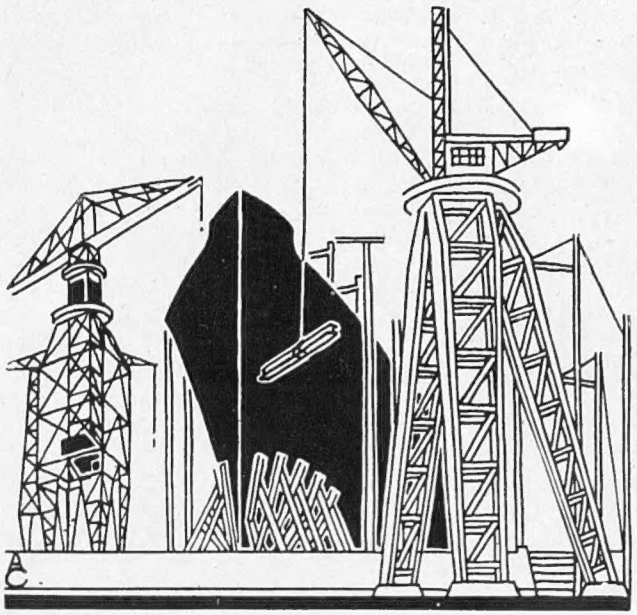


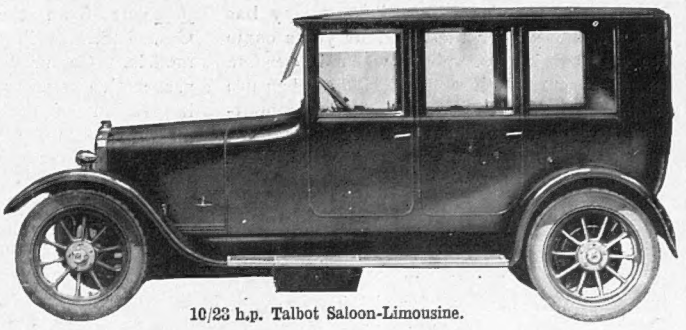
Supporting British Industry

Apart from the fact that the production and distribution of "BP" products provides constant employment for 20,000 British workers, the Anglo-Persian Oil Company indirectly gives employment to an enormous amount of British labour in the manufacture and building of its Ships, Refineries, Installations, Depots, Rail Tank Cars, Lorries, Motor Cars and engineering plant of all descriptions.

"BP"

The British Petrol

British Petroleum Co. Ltd Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2
Distributing Organization of the
ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.



10/23 h.p. Talbot Saloon-Limousine.

A Luxurious Light Saloon.

The magnificent little power unit of the 10/23 h.p. 4-cylinder Talbot has long been famous for its exceptional efficiency and low running cost. In this model the chassis is fitted with a light saloon body of generous proportions. It has four full-sized doors and seats four adults, so is suitable for town work of every description. Whilst for long distance touring, even in the stiffest country, it can keep up a consistently high average without any signs of fatigue.

"Once a Talbot owner *always* a Talbot owner."

Messrs. Clement Talbot, Ltd
Dear Sirs,

I have received the hood clip and wing nut together with your letter and wish to thank you for your kind attention to the matter.

I think I told you when I called at your works how very satisfied I am with the 10/23 Tourer which you supplied me with last year. I am more than astonished at her performance when touring with other 12 h.p cars of high repute.

Although I have driven cars at different times, to my mind none are so fascinating or restful as the Talbot. Personally, it is once a Talbot owner *always* a Talbot owner, and when I invest in a Saloon it will be a Talbot without doubt. Yours faithfully,

Bromley 13th. February 1926 H C. PEERLESS.

10/23 h.p. 4-cylinder Talbot Saloon Limousine - £450
Weymann Saloon - - - - - £450

The equipment includes frameless windows throughout, tool box with complete kit, spare wheel and tyre, 5-lamp lighting set (Rotax), electric starter, electric horn, speedometer, clock, roof light, smoker's companion and Hartford shock absorbers fitted to rear springs.

Write for illustrated catalogue which gives full mechanical details.

TALBOT

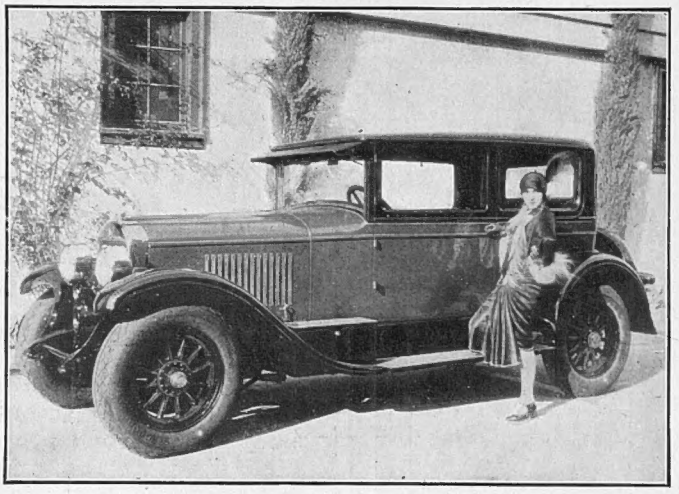
CLEMENT TALBOT LTD.
KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.10

Telephone: Park 5000.
Telegrams: "Clemtal, Nottarch, London."

has now been effected. The scheme of arrangement under which the company has been operating for the last four years came to an end in December, when it became necessary to readjust the various debenture holdings. The "C" debentures, amounting to £850,000, are being converted to 6 per cent. preference shares of 2s. 6d. each, and considerable reductions have also been made in the "A" and "B" debentures. The new arrangements have also provided adequate working capital, and Messrs. Hadfields have taken over the controlling interest in the company. The services of Mr. H. Kerr Thomas, late general manager of the Associated Equipment Co., the makers to the London General Omnibus Co., have been secured as general manager.

***

THE Ansaldo car has recently made a fine performance in a ten-kilometre speed trial in Sicily. The event was approved by the Italian Automobile Club, and attracted a large number of entries, among which were four model 4-cyl. Ansaldo cars, which, I am informed, were strictly standard and driven by private owners. The result was extremely satisfying and significant. In the two-litre class the four Ansaldo cars were respectively first, second, third, and fourth, the winner averaging 58.4 m.p.h.



IN SUNNY MEXICO

Señorita Dolores del Rio, a well-known social leader in Mexico City, who is now "starring" on the films. She is seen at the door of her new Cadillac

ALMOST attractive catalogue has reached me from the Sunbeam Motor Car Co., Ltd., dealing with their four 1926 models. Coloured illustrations allow of the prospective purchaser obtaining an accurate impression of the cars in their finished state. The Sunbeam range is made up of a 14-40 h.p. four-cylinder, a 20-60 h.p. six-cylinder, a 30-90 h.p. eight-cylinder, and the three-litre six-cylinder super-sports. The Sunbeam prices range from £625 for the 14-40 h.p. tourer to £1,850 for an enclosed limousine or landaulette on the eight-cylinder chassis.

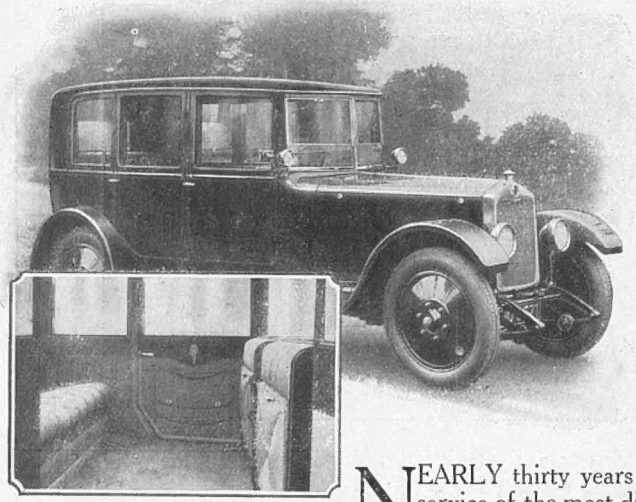
THE retail prices of all Fiat standard cars and chassis have recently been reduced. The 10-15 h.p. saloon, a most attractive car, is now priced at £350, with an extra charge of £15 for four-wheel brakes. Corresponding reductions have also been made in the 15-20 h.p., the 20-30 h.p., and the big 40 six-cylinder.

***

IN the road trial held by the R.A.C. of Australia at the end of last year from Sydney to Robertson and back a 30-98 h.p. Vauxhall made the fastest time in the hill climb, and a 14-40 h.p. Vauxhall was second in the fuel consumption test class "A." At a race meeting held in January at Maroubra a 30-98 h.p. Vauxhall "Wensum" won the five miles handicap for cars of 2,000 c.c. and over.

***

THE Brooklands season opens on Saturday, March 20th, when the British Motor Cycle Racing Club holds its opening meeting. The first car meeting will take place on Easter Monday, April 5th, while the most important event of the year will be the Grand Prix of the Royal Automobile Club on August Bank Holiday, over a distance of 300 miles. The Junior Car Club is holding its 200 miles race on Saturday, September 25th. Nine important motor cycle race meetings are to be held and six car events. G. C. S.



The Car illustrated is a 21 h.p. 6-cylinder Enclosed Drive Limousine with seating accommodation for six. Photographs and specifications sent on demand.

Dunlop Tyres Standard.

NEARLY thirty years in the service of the most discriminating motorists has given to Lanchester Cars a prestige and reputation that is unequalled, and in their characteristic high standard of quality lies the reason for the great confidence with which they are regarded by the Motoring World.

The LANCHESTER MOTOR CO., LTD.,
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Pre-eminent among the World's Finest Cars.

Speed up *your* game—"Say Spalding"

Speed With Accuracy!

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Stitchless or with Cemented Seams.

APPROVED by the L.T.A.
Used in
Olympic Games, Paris, 1924
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—They selected

"SPALDING"
PLUGLESS
TENNIS BALLS

because their absolutely
UNIFORM FLIGHT AND BOUNCE
permits
HARDER STRIKING WITH GREATER ACCURACY

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SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO CLUBS

From Leading Sports Dealers or any "Spalding" Store.